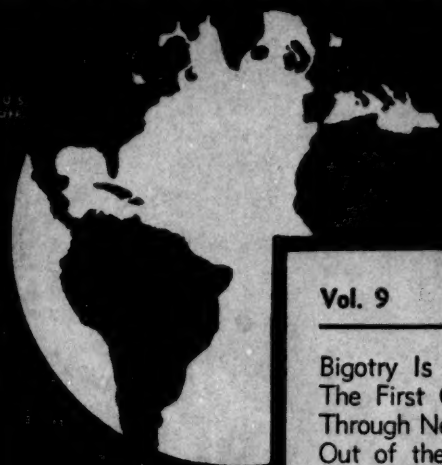


# Catholic Digest



Vol. 9

DECEMBER, 1944

No. 2

Bigotry Is Un-American . . . . .	1
The First Crib . . . . .	7
Through New Guinea Jungles . . . . .	9
Out of the Mists . . . . .	14
The Case of the Cloistered Nun . . . . .	20
Peace Through Papal Arbitration . . . . .	25
Happier Days for Pius XII . . . . .	27
He Got an Autograph . . . . .	30
Norway and Denmark . . . . .	32
Encounter With the Church . . . . .	37
Sadie at the Wake . . . . .	38
Ku Klux Klan . . . . .	41
King of Fruits . . . . .	47
Flights of Fancy . . . . .	50
4 Horsemen and 7 Mules . . . . .	51
Collector of "The Signers" . . . . .	58
The Big Little Sisters . . . . .	61
Saved by the Savages . . . . .	64
Mother in Search for Her Sons . . . . .	71
Only Americans Play Baseball . . . . .	73
North and South America . . . . .	76
Men of the B-29's . . . . .	80
The Holy Priesthood . . . . .	85
Code of Canon Law . . . . .	89
Throwing Away the Crutch . . . . .	92
Nursing Orders . . . . .	95

# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

I look from afar, and, behold, I see the power of God coming, and a cloud covering all the earth. Go ye out to meet Him, and say: Tell us if Thou art He who shall rule over the people of Israel. Both the earthborn, and the sons of men, rich and poor together. Go ye out to meet Him and say: Give ear, O Thou who rulest Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep. Tell us if Thou art He.

From Matins of the First Sunday of Advent.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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# Catholic Digest

Vol. 9

DECEMBER, 1944

No. 2

## Bigotry Is Un-American

By ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

Condensed from the *American Magazine*\*

In spite of differences in character, and varied and contrary beliefs on many matters, the men of our armed forces are one in their desire to make their lives or deaths count for something constructive and good. They do not all agree with one another, they may dislike one another's personalities, attitudes, beliefs, and actions, but nevertheless, patriotism and common interests lift them above disunion and unite them in devoted service to their country.

Unfortunately, things are not the same on the home front. Indeed, they are tragically different, and Army and Navy men of all ranks have expressed incomprehension, bewilderment and even terror at what is happening here. They cannot understand how so many Americans at home are unwilling to sacrifice or subordinate their prejudices for our country's welfare, when they in the military service must be ready to sacrifice their lives. For all

Americans, wherever they are and in whatever circumstances, have vital obligations to do their utmost for our country's righteous cause.

There have been great changes at home since the war began and some have not been improvements. One of them is an increase in the prevalence of bigotry, evidenced by what has occurred in many parts of the country. Race riots, assaults on groups and individuals because of racial and religious differences, desecration of synagogues and churches, attacks on our foreign-born—all are tragic symptoms of this disease.

I am one of those who yearn to promote a better spirit of mutual understanding and forbearance among my fellow countrymen and do my share to promote the realization of American ideals and hopes for unity in essential things, liberty in nonessential things, and charity in all things. With all my heart, I deplore the growth of the can-

\*The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., 250 Park Ave., New York City, 17, March, 1944.

cer of bigotry penetrating American life, shriveling America's heart, retarding America's victory and peace. For bigotry undermines the fundamental principles avowed in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. These basically human and humane documents chartered and charted a new way of living, the American way. They were a gospel of liberation and they are a gospel of liberty, a proclamation of equality among men insofar as the protection of life and property is concerned.

If our country is to remain a human, humane homeland in a world where millions are homeless and millions enslaved, we must be loyal to the spirit of those God-inspired principles on which our government was established and has progressed. These principles are inconsistent with political despotism, racial prejudice, and religious discrimination.

How, for example, does the bigot interpret the immortal Preamble to our Constitution? For the hallowed words, "a more perfect Union," he reads *disunion*; for *justice*, he substitutes *injustice*. Instead of helping to "insure domestic tranquility," he incites domestic strife. He sabotages the "common defense" and "general welfare," of the nation, and instead of helping to "secure the blessings of liberty," he sows the seeds of dissension and tyranny.

Bigotry thrives on ignorance, but intelligent persons can be bigoted if they are sufficiently ignorant in fields of knowledge that have not come under

their observation. The apostle of bigotry employs a technique that is often effective with intelligent men. He lays a foundation of falsehood having the appearance of truth, and he employs for this foundation every means of communication known. If a lie is told often enough, it is said, even the liar himself will believe it, and it is certainly true that lies have survived many generations of periodic exposure.

Our forefathers foresaw the possibilities and dangers of bigotry. They knew there had never been a century, a country, a race, or a religion that did not have its small-minded men; and bigotry is a disease which thrives in small minds. Fortunately, from the earliest days of her beginnings, America has been blessed with great-minded men who by word and example have protected the nation from the ravages of bigots. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson eloquently vindicated our religious liberties, and our Constitutional amendments proclaim time and again the un-American character of bigotry.

For example, the 15th amendment states that the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied nor abridged on account of race, color, or previous conditions of servitude. Another proof that bigotry, racial and political, is un-American is evidenced by the unanimous ruling of the Supreme Court that all persons, without distinction of race, color or nationality, have equal protection of the law, which is a guarantee of the protection of equal laws.

But despite these guarantees of po-



litical, racial, and religious freedom, bigotry has existed down through the years of our history to the detriment of our country and to the regret and shame of all fair-minded Americans. In some periods and in some places, it has been more prevalent than in other times and places, and in certain ways, it seems more widespread and more virulent now than ever. And this is wartime, when America is least able to tolerate intolerance! Perhaps it is because it is wartime, when 10 million of our most generous-hearted young men no longer walk the streets of our communities, that bigotry is more widespread and active. War-inspired passions warp the judgment of the less generous-hearted and more selfish-minded among us and make them a prey of agitators who, in more normal times, would lack an audience.

Possessing intellectual convictions is a virtue which the bigot transforms into a vice by brutally imposing his convictions on his fellow man. Bigotry's source and force is hatred, and the bigot is a fautor of the cult of hatred. Even the word *bigot* in its old French connotation meant one who did not love his country. In blind sincerity or malicious insincerity, the bigot arraigns himself against his fellow Americans and insofar as it is in his power virtually undermines the Constitution, the foundation of our security, liberty, and prosperity. He cannot see outside himself because he looks through windows frosted with prejudices. His method is misrepresentation and slander.

All fair-minded Americans must oppose bigotry not only from a sense of justice but also from a sense of safety, for, if tolerated, it can be directed at any race or religion and then may rebound against all of them. If we incite, participate, or connive in violence against our fellow citizens, we are bad Americans. If we stir up, propagate, or cherish race hatred, we are likewise bad Americans and traitors to American ideals.

If we are real Americans, we must co-operate in checking the spread of bigotry, which is a contagious, virulent disease. However, it is not only patriotic to try to cure this disease; it is essential to do so if America is to remain America. The first step each of us must take to eliminate bigotry, selfishness, harshness, injustice, and contempt from the minds and hearts of others is to make sure they have no place in our own.

Not only for patriotic reasons should we purge our minds and hearts but also because we should obey the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves. Catholics, for example, are bound by a principle of personal tolerance to love all men, not merely for humanitarian reasons but also because their religion teaches them to do so. If they follow these religious teachings, their love must be generous and self-sacrificing, and must include the willingness to help those who are in need—Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, pagans, and atheists. Some who profess to be Catholics do not act in accord with this principle, and

therefore they do wrong. The country suffers and the Church suffers.

Catholics are frequently accused of anti-Semitism, and doubtless some Catholics are guilty of it. That anti-Semitism is wrong from a Catholic and humanitarian standpoint as well as from an American viewpoint has been demonstrated countless times, in countless ways, by countless persons, so that it may be jarringly repetitious to say it again. For completeness, I quote from the Pope, the highest authority in the Church. In 1928, before Hitler came to power, Pius XI condemned anti-Semitism, clearly and officially, in these words:

"Moved by the spirit of charity, the Apostolic See has protected the people (of Israel) against unjust persecutions, and since it condemns all jealousy and strife among peoples, it accordingly condemns with all its might the hatred directed against a people which was chosen by God; that particular hatred, in fact, which today commonly goes by the name of anti-Semitism."

And on July 30, 1938, Pius XI said: "It is not possible for Christians to take part in anti-Semitism. It is inevitable that any time we abandon the life of the Gospels, human lives perish. Toward the Israelites we are not only extremely anti-Christian and anticivil, but inhuman. For them the misery of exile and outlawing is not enough; it goes on to pillory, beatings, wounding, and death."

Of anti-Catholic bigotry, I shall say but little. Persecution of the Catholic Church is no new thing. It has con-

tinued unabated through 20 centuries. Eleven of Christ's disciples died a martyr's death and even during the past few years, thousands of priests and nuns have been martyred in many countries.

In our own country, either through ignorance, malice or greed, the Church is viciously and constantly attacked. Publications exist for the evident purpose of maligning it. Paid snoopers, snipers, and agitators are in the employment of anti-Catholic organizations to bait Catholics and incite anti-Catholicism. In charity, I prefer not to react to nor answer them.

Some anti-American organizations are not so exclusive as to concentrate their venom solely on Catholics, but also group Jews, Negroes, and foreign-born citizens with them. Ralph McGill, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, deplored the revival of the Ku Klux Klan and expressed the hope that there might not be a recrudescence of religious and racial intolerance.

No true American will nurture, promote, or incite anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-any group of fellow law-abiding American citizens. After Abraham Lincoln's divinely inspired pleading for understanding and charity proved unavailing to many, he wrote:

"Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it, 'All men are created equal except Negroes.' When the Know Nothings get control, it will

read, 'All men are created equal, except Negroes, foreigners, and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."

I am saddened to realize that these strong words which flowed from the soul of a great American are more true now than they were fourscore years ago! Still, our consoling hope is that the great majority of Americans have an instinctive and fundamental sense of civic and political justice and respect for their every fellow citizen.

In the U.S. there are approximately 13 million Negroes. But even if there were only 1300 or 13, they, like all Americans, must be free to exercise the rights given to them in our Constitution. And when they have these rights in fact as well as in law, they will treasure their national heritage and not be influenced by agitators whose aims are not to improve, but to destroy our American way of life.

It is not the vocation of Americans to allow the elements of racial and religious prejudice to poison and pollute the blood poured forth from the wounds of the older nations of the world into the great crucible that is America, a crucible of common sacrifice, suffering, work, and triumph. Our vocation calls for love of God and country and a sense of brotherhood, a vocation which we Americans of the present can learn from Valley Forge and other American shrines, and not from the resurrected corpses of intolerant strife.

To this end, we have the example and the inspiration of our fighting forces, fulfilling their vocation to live and die united among themselves and with us and for us at home. I have learned this truth a thousand times in a thousand ways, and I learned it again just now from a letter written by a U. S. Army chaplain:

"It is with much happiness that I inform you that the officers and men of my regiment are sending you the sum of \$3,000 to use in memory of their fallen brothers in arms who faithfully served their God and country even until death and who, in their sacrifice, fulfilled that great precept of love which Christ gave to us, 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

"With a generosity and thoughtfulness so characteristic of them, they are asking you through me, their chaplain, to provide a memorial to their dead comrades in the form of a mission chapel in these islands where they have served so conspicuously for the glory of their beloved flag.

"Originally the Catholic boys conceived the idea of this memorial, but scarcely had they started, when officers and men of other faiths requested to share in this loving tribute.

"Most of us had lived together for two years. We knew one another intimately and loved one another with a friendship that will always be treasured by each and everyone of us. To the honor and glory of our fellow soldiers who no longer live except in our memories, all the members of the regi

ment — Catholics, Protestants, and those of the Jewish faith—send you this remembrance of our love and esteem, for our departed brothers.

"It is our earnest prayer that by this tribute a new happiness may fill the hearts of their dear ones as they realize the deep affection and esteem with which we cherish their memory."

Can any American be disloyal by word or act to these men on the fighting fronts, and fail to keep united for them, these United States? America guarantees to each one of the millions of her citizens all freedoms with only such limitations as are inherent in the mutual rights of others; for liberty without such limitations is tyranny.



### Who Made the World War

During the last 50 years those who were responsible for the education of the modern world utterly failed to understand what education meant. They gradually removed from the program of studies the very things that made possible western civilization and the modern democratic state.

The plain fact is that the products of our modern schools are the authors of the catastrophe which has befallen us. Those who are responsible for modern education are responsible for the present calamity. They cannot avoid the blame that is theirs by shouting about the crimes and follies of the politicians, businessmen, labor leaders, lawyers, editors, bankers, or soldiers. They educated these people. They educated also the educators. They had everything that the money of the taxpayer could provide. They claimed that the education of which they had complete control would bring progress and a brave new world in which everyone would be happy and prosperous. Time has proved them false prophets and the ordinary man is fast losing confidence in them.

I suggest that the best thing we can do in the coming year is to get rid of our educational leaders and their unmoral creed and commence a reform of the whole system by making religion the animating principle of it so that it will be not merely an item in the curriculum but permeate the whole atmosphere of the school.

Every civilization in the past rested on a religious creed, just as the life of the individual needs such a foundation. Doubt and skepticism have always been the forerunner of decline. The smart intellectual skeptics have come to an end; they are evening bats, not the heralds of a new day.

Bishop Thomas O'Shea in the *Messenger of the Precious Blood* (Oct. '44).

Our little Persecution of the Catholics against the Negroes. What the Church is no new thing. It has been known. Nothing is new, and we



# Through New Crib

A saint's Noel

By ALBERT PAUL SCHIMBERG

Condensed from a book\*

All the gentleness of Francis' nature, all his innate courtesy, all his predilection for what is little and innocent and poor, helpless and fair, moved him to love the Infant Jesus and the feast of His incarnation. Once, when Christmas fell on a Friday, a Brother asked if meat might be eaten on that day. Quickly Francis said, "If it is Christmas, it is not Friday! If the walls could eat, I would give them meat today, but as they cannot, I will at least rub them with it!" And this, too, he said, "If I were a familiar of the Emperor I would ask him to order that on this day all the people should throw out grain to the birds, especially to my Sister Larks, and that all who have beasts in their stables should give them better fodder than usual, for love of the Child Jesus born in a manger. And on Christmas day all the rich ought to feed all the poor."

To Bernard and Leo and the other friars close to him, it seemed that the peace of Christ's coming birthday was upon their revered leader as Christmas drew near. He left the Little Portion some days before the feast of the Nativity for the upland valley of the Rieti, over against the high Abruzzi; there he picked out a cave where all was green and white, the white of early snow, the green of dark pines, and everywhere a pure hushed silence as of

expectancy. A friend and, some say, a member of his Third Order, Messer Giovanni Vellita, had given Francis this wooded height above Greccio, and here the leader of the Larks chose to celebrate the birthday of Christ, "in a way the world had never seen the match of." He told Messer Giovanni all he wished to have done in preparation and whatsoever Francis asked was gladly provided. A manger was set up in the opening of the cave, an ox (one of the milk-white oxen of Italy) and an ass and lambs were brought in; all was arranged as faith and love pictured the stable of Bethlehem.

When midnight drew near there was a procession through the quiet wood; the Friars Minor and the folk of the countryside came with torches that lighted up the dark aisles of the pines and the front of the stable cave. A number of the friars carried candles which burned with steady flames of homage around the altar, which was the manger. For Francis wished that the Word made Flesh should descend from heaven to this manger altar as once He had come to rest upon the straw at Bethlehem. Francis served as deacon at the midnight Mass and sang the Gospel in his strong and beautiful voice. "And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a

\*The Larks of Umbria. 1942. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 237 pp. \$2.75.



manger. . . . For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

After the Gospel, the Poverello began to preach on the Child Jesus. And when Francis uttered the name of Jesus "the fire of his love overcame him. He let his tongue glide over his lips as if to taste the sweetness this Name left there as it passed over them."

The Mass went forward and there came the climax of the Consecration, in the nighttime hush, with the gleams of many stars added to the friars' candles that burned in starlike adoration. As on the first Christmas, when the sacred Body of our Saviour was seen for the first time on earth, so now It was seen by the eyes of faith in the white Host lifted high in the hands of the priest. To Francis and to all who knelt there with him, the Christ Child

was as truly present as He had been to Mary and Joseph and the angels and the shepherds more than 1200 years before. And Messer Giovanni testified later that it had seemed to him there was really a Child, the divine Babe, in the manger and that when Brother Francis bent above the altar of straw and took the Infant lovingly in his arms, He smiled at him and stroked his scant black beard.

This is the story of Greccio's crib, the first after Bethlehem, and if we today have cribs in our churches at Christmastime, and cribs in parks and on lawns and pictured on billboards, this is one of the many precious things for which we have to thank Francis of Assisi. Because of the love which surrounds it, the crib has become the world's symbol for Christmas.



## Old Rule

Tom Thorp was one of the greatest whistle tootlers who ever refereed a football game. He used to work many of the games for the big colleges in the East in the early days, and later the first professional-league games, when the pro league was getting its start. He was a favorite with the coaches, despite the fact that he made up a good many of his own rules as the games progressed. But he had a reputation for ruling fairly, and never showing partiality.

Tom was an intensely religious person, and he could not stand blasphemy nor foul language in any shape or form. In one game, a certain lad was becoming more and more profane as the going got hotter. Finally Tom could stand it no longer.

"You're out of the game," he ordered.

Coaches and players crowded around the adamant Tom as the player angrily demanded, "What rule did I violate?"

The coaches took up the cry, "What rule did he violate?"

Tom glared at them coldly before speaking. "The second Commandment," he said simply, and his ruling stuck.

Phil Hewitt in the *Register* (15 Oct. '44).

# Through New Guinea Jungles

Nuns in the bush

By a Holy Ghost Sister

Condensed from the *Christian Family and Our Missions\**

**The Japanese** had conquered the north coast of New Guinea. Sixty of their soldiers arrived at our mission station of Marienberg, some 70 miles southeast of Wewak, 25 miles inland. About 11 o'clock that night the commanding officer summoned Father Lauman to give him instructions.

"The Japanese Army will move in very soon. All the buildings, including the Sisters' residence, must be evacuated. The soldiers will have the right to use or take whatever is needed for themselves or for the Army. If you want to prevent trouble and useless bloodshed, you will see to it that none of those stationed at the mission raises any objections."

It was two in the morning when Father Lauman knocked at the convent door to break the bad news. There seemed no time to waste. In fear the looting would begin that very morning, we tried to hide everything of value. A heavy rain storm broke loose, but we carried on.

At daybreak we expected the inrush of Jap troops. But nothing happened. By eight, the detail of 60 Jap trucks pulled out of town, affording us relief.

To take advantage of the lull, Father Lauman decided we should seek refuge in Timbunke, a two days' trip up the crooked Sepik river by motor launch. Timbunke proved a relief for

jangled nerves even though we arrived in the midst of the mosquito season, with hundreds of the pests swarming around us all day, hardly respecting our veil-like mosquito netting.

One evening Father Rector called for us. Horror-stricken, we discovered Father and the Brother conversing with Japanese officers. Father explained he and the Brother would have to go with other neighboring missionaries as prisoners to Wewak, but we would be allowed to remain at Timbunke. Afraid to remain at the station alone and unwilling to rely on the natives for our safety, we preferred to go along to Wewak as prisoners. We began to pack at once. But the commander raised objections. With the rainy season begun, it would be impossible to lead the Sisters to Wewak overland for 100 miles. The officer decided the Sisters might remain, and also one priest, as protector.

As soon as the Japanese had left us, we established contact with the Australian patrol and asked them to help us escape. Finally, one of our missionaries came down secretly a long way from the upper Sepik valley with the message that an Allied seaplane would come in to rescue us at Kanengra. Eagerly we packed our most necessary belongings. At midnight Father celebrated holy Mass. One has to go

\*St. Mary's Mission House, Techuy, Ill. October, 1944.

through the experience to know what comfort comes from the altar at such a time.

An hour later we were packed into a small motorboat. To go overland through the jungle would have been attempting the impossible. We left Timbunke in the black of night, without saying a word to the natives for fear someone might inform the Japanese.

Two hours after we started we found ourselves perched on a sandbank in midstream. After pulling and tugging for an hour we were finally afloat.

Daylight came. The upstream trip had to be halted lest we be observed by Japanese planes. Until nightfall we hid in the high grass of the Sepik plains.

After three murky nights we reached Kanengra's mission station. For three more anxious days we awaited the promised seaplane, until the crushing news arrived that we could expect no help. Because of the proximity of the Japanese, it would be too dangerous to bring in a plane.

Having eluded the Japanese once, we knew we could not expect much mercy if we fell into their hands now. We must try to make our way overland, through the worst jungle country on earth, through rivers, mountain torrents, and mud, across deep gullies and valleys, over 10,000-foot mountains.

To begin the 400-mile trek that would bring us over Guinea's mountainous backbone to the safe South Shore we had to boat up the dirty-

yellow, fast-flowing Sepik river another three days. The motor gave us constant trouble, but we reached Imas safely. Here we made a stopover while waiting for the natives to bring up some shallow-water canoes. We found hospitable shelter in a house built on high piles at the river's edge. The rains came and poured down so heavily that the waters overflowed the banks and climbed five feet up the piling underneath the house. Day and night the rushing waters rumbled beneath us. One night a terrific storm broke loose, worse than any in my 20 years' experience in New Guinea. But still the piles held firm, thank God!

Then we found, after a week's wait, that the natives had not enough canoes to transport both us and the luggage, so we decided to send our bags ahead and wait for the second trip. Three days later we followed, clinging for dear life to the thin-shelled boats. The rains had swollen the river no less than six feet above normal so that when we reached the landing point we found our baggage floating in the muddy waters.

Now we had to leave the Sepik behind and begin the long land journey. Horses could not be obtained, native carriers were scarce, so we had to resort simply to footwork; no roads nor passing vehicles to offer a lift; one step after the other through silent, lonely paths of primitive country. Unaccustomed to jungle hiking, we developed foot sores. One of the Sisters had as many as 30.

As days and weeks passed, our pro-

visions began to give out. We supplemented our meager diet of rice and sago with leaves plucked from the bush. We were down to our last little bag of rice when a gold miner, Dan Leahy, met us one evening with a troop of native carrier boys. We have never stopped blessing his name for replenishing our larder.

When we started again the next morning it was thought that the new crew of carriers might carry the five Sisters. Even though our beaten limbs cried out for relief, we had to take it the hard way. The terrain at this part of the journey was the roughest, steepest imaginable.

For safety's sake we had to put off Religious garb for dress better suited to the trails. We clawed through dense jungles, sloshed through mud and deep swamps, forded dangerous rivers, climbed the lofty mountains. Often the mountains seemed so steep and overpowering we almost lost courage. Two boys would help each Sister on the climb, one pulling, the other pushing. After reaching the top, the descent on the other side seemed more risky than the upward trip. Often our footpath was hardly more than two feet wide. Sometimes the path clung to a precipitous cliff or steep mountain, with a sheer drop on the other side into a dark ravine or a mountain torrent. The very sight made us dizzy. Sweat and goose pimples broke out as we clung tenaciously to every root and shrub.

Once I got into a swamp up to my waist, but felt no solid ground. One of the carrier boys followed, to help me

out, but got in so deep that he became as helpless as I. Two other lads formed a human chain to drag us to earth.

Not only the mountains and the swamps but also the rivers gave us thrilling moments. At one river two Sisters had successfully crossed the high water with the help of the native boys. The third, fearful and anxious, made it so hard for the boys carrying her that it took half an hour to reach the other bank. Then my turn came. The boys, with a glance at my girth, said, "If you act like the other nun, we cannot bring you over; you are too heavy."

Their instructions sounded easy but were not so easily followed. I had to sit upon the shoulders of two boys walking very close together. A dozen others circled the two to help them maintain balance. Without anything to hold to, I had to sit stiff and quiet. Secretly I wished that my preparatory training for the missions had included this point of skill. Contrary to expectations, everything went well. In five minutes the boys had me on the other side.

Generally we started out on the day's hike at the cool hour of six in the morning, kept to the path for ten hours, with few intermissions, and pitched camp for the night about four in the afternoon. Tents had to be set up, food prepared, clothes washed, and then dried at the fire. Often, in the damp of the jungle, we had to wear our clothing half dry to bed.

Once we stopped for the night and set up camp in the worst possible spot. The ground was so muddy and slip-



pery, every step required careful treading. We were busy with our washing. The only place to dry our things was at the fire in the kitchen tent. Coming into the tent, I passed around a very large pot used for cooking, slipped in the slime, lost my balance completely, and tumbled backwards into the pot with only my head and feet protruding. I called for help. Two Sisters rushed in, alarmed. But at sight of the spectacle they burst into uncontrollable laughter. The unexpected mishap banished all their compassion for my peculiar situation so that it was left for three native boys to extricate me from my ridiculous spot. An hour later the Sisters were still cramped with laughter over my having made a "hole in one."

Notwithstanding the trials of our tortuous trip, everyone preserved hilarious good humor. One of the finest means of bolstering morale was the singing of hymns to the honor of our Lord and His blessed Mother. Even the nights in the jungle had no terror for us, once we were beyond the reach of the Japanese.

We were the first women in this backwoods area of New Guinea between the Sepik river and Mt. Hagen. At some places the natives were still rather wild. As a precaution, we traveled in a close-knit group. Wherever the people had been in better touch with civilization, either through the missionaries or the gold miners, the natives came out in hordes to greet us and look us over from head to toe, or touch our hands and feet. Once the

crowd was so large the village chief ordered a rope stretched to keep the natives from bearing down on our tents.

Two days before we reached towering Mt. Hagen the roads became much better. That meant the worst stretch was over, thanks to the government's road-building program. In a short time the natives made five stretchers of native materials, and carried us the rest of the way, four boys to a stretcher. Often 50 natives clustered around each stretcher, singing and dancing.

Village after village hailed us with new outbursts of joy all along the 125 miles from Mt. Hagen to Bena Bena, one of the Allied military outposts. The sights we saw on that stretch of the journey, and the friendliness of the natives, defy description.

Some miles before we reached Bena Bena we were unexpectedly met by two American jeeps. In three minutes we were piled aboard, five Sisters in a jeep. That ended our troubles—though for a time I was not so sure. The boys told us an airplane was waiting at the Bena Bena field and rushed us there at top speed along the mountain slopes. A foolish fear suggested: "After almost four months of every sort of hardship to find a sudden death by tumbling into an abyss." But the jeep proved its mettle and deposited us safely at the air-drome. The native women were anxious to greet us, but there was no time to lose. We went directly from the jeep to the plane, and in a few minutes we were flying to Cili Cili, a three hours' flight. Yet we had spent three months covering much less distance.



The soldiers at Cili Cili gave us a grand reception. Next day they delivered us to Port Moresby. Here Australian Army women showed us the greatest hospitality and friendliness.

After a restful two weeks, an ambulance took us down to the harbor. There was a fine big ship, and the captain showed us around. We had just settled comfortably in our quarters, expecting a cruise down to Australia, when a message arrived from the commanding officer at Port Moresby regretting that a mistake had been made.

We went back to town wondering

what to expect next. Suddenly, a few nights later, the summons came to prepare for departure. A waiting ambulance drove us to the airport. At six in the morning our plane left Port Moresby; at four in the afternoon we had covered 1200 miles of ocean, and landed at Brisbane.

We spent three days with the hospitable Sisters of Mercy and then traveled by train to Sydney, to our little convent at Epping, to be greeted by companion missionaries from New Guinea, our own priests, Brothers, and Sisters.



### Reversed Field

How little the haters know what they hate was recently revealed in the U. S. by Gunnar Myrdal, a Swedish sociologist hired by the Carnegie Foundation to write a book on the Negro problem. Myrdal called it *The American Dilemma*, and in it stated his findings among both Negroes and whites of the southern states. They were revealing.

Whites, the sociologist found, did not want to grant their colored brothers:

1. Intermarriage.
2. Personal and social equality.
3. Joint use of schools.
4. The vote.
5. Equality in law courts.
6. Economic equality.

What did the Negroes want? Intermarriage? In spite of the white man's belief that every Negro would like to marry his daughter, Negroes themselves showed little desire for such a union, placing it last on their "wants." Their claims were in complete reverse order of the white man's agenda. In other words, they wanted:

1. Economic equality.
2. Equality in law courts.
3. The vote.
4. Joint use of schools.
5. Personal and social equality.
6. Intermarriage.

Dorothy Sangster in the *Social Forum* (June '44).

# Out of the Mists

By F. A. E.

The discipline of freedom

Condensed from the *Lamp*\*

**Human frailty** being what it is, we are guided more often by the "heart" than the "head," and always in danger of being swept away on a tide of emotion. It is probably for this reason, more than any other, that the Catholic Church does not seek to attract converts by the colorful evangelism practiced by other Christian bodies.

Before a would-be convert can be accepted by the Church he must submit himself to a long course of instruction in the several hundred articles of a printed catechism designed primarily for the religious instruction of Catholic children. If he is grown up, educated, and already well versed in the general principles of Christian belief, an Anglican, for example, there will be times when he becomes impatient at having to re-learn so much of what he already knows, or fancies he knows. Yet, even an exalted archbishop of the Church of England could not escape this long, unemotional preparation. Not until the priest who prepares him can certify that his pupil has studied those several hundred articles of the catechism *one by one*, that he apparently understands them in their entirety, is the Church willing to accept him.

Even then, although I doubt that any emotional impulse could survive such a grueling course, the Church is

still anxious for the perfect sincerity of the newcomer. Some weeks or more before his formal reception he is handed a booklet containing the full text of the final profession of faith: "With a sincere heart, therefore, and with unfeigned faith, I detest and abjure every error, heresy and sect opposed to the said Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church."

After all the undramatic schooling that has preceded it, the latter is a strong test for any man who may have been carried away merely by an impulse. In my own case there was a further test; some will say a rather vulgar test. For many years I had lived a life of self-indulgence. Chuckling at my own expense, I now reminded myself that my acceptance of Catholicism entailed saying farewell to some of my creature comforts. I, who had loved the luxury of my bed on a Sunday morning, would for the rest of my life have to forego that pleasure and go regularly to Mass. On some Sundays, regardless of weather, I would have to go out before breakfast to receive Holy Communion. All of which is very "dampening" to anyone but the sincerest convert. Verily, the man who is eventually accepted by the Church has sufficiently demonstrated his sincerity.

We converts who have reached Ca-

\*102 Ringgold St., Peekskill, N. Y. October, 1944. As reprinted from a Catholic Truth Society of England pamphlet.

tholicism the hard way are perhaps more sharply aware than born Catholics of the beauties of the faith, because we have known the mists which have obscured our own blind groping. They are fortunate to have grown up with the true faith.

Just over 40 years ago I was put to school in a Church of England school, and Scriptural instruction formed the first and chief lesson of the day. Except for a fortnightly visit from the vicar of the adjoining parish church, that instruction was imparted by non-ordained teachers who, regardless of their private religious beliefs or entire lack of beliefs, had to voice the Anglican creed in obedience to their superiors. Accordingly, those of us who received our "faith" from the unfortunate man who happened to have his tongue in his cheek became more distinguished by our knowledge of Scriptural "history" than our appreciation of Christian beauty. Thus, when I reached the age of 12, I could boast with certainty that I would carry off a prize for Scripture; yet so little religious conviction had I acquired that Good Friday and Easter meant little more to me than a welcome break from the tedium of school.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that when I left this school and continued my education elsewhere, most of the Anglican influences remained behind me. From that day onwards I rarely entered a church. I did not scoff at what I had learned; I still believed in a God, in Jesus Christ, in some sort of hereafter; but there was no particu-

lar gladness in my belief; no particular desire to apply what I believed to my daily life. If I prayed occasionally, it was only because I was in trouble or wanted something. Gratitude or worship never entered into my prayers.

I was growing up at a time when much of the world's belief, knowledge, and experience was in the melting pot. Science had accomplished more in a single decade of the early 20th century than in the many centuries of its previous history. Obviously a man could not contemplate those triumphs without a growing conceit both in his age and in himself. The simple unscientific past was, if not despised, critically examined. There was no more critical an examination than that which many a man gave to the religion of his fathers.

In this he rarely failed to quote the new "truths" of science. One scientist had "proved" that the Garden of Eden was no more than a pretty legend. If the Bible could be false in any one such detail, why should the rest of it be necessarily true, was therefore the argument. Of course, there was still very probably a God; undoubtedly Jesus Christ had lived and died; undoubtedly His was a very fine philosophy. But, a literal acceptance of the Gospel? Well, wasn't it rather a tall order?

That doubt infected not only the ordinary man. In all branches of Christianity, save that of the Roman Catholic Church, it infected clergy and oft-times prelates. The churches which had the best "attendances" were those in which the clergy spectacularly exploited, or at least sympathized with,

that doubt. If religion were to continue to attract a man, obviously it must modernize itself sufficiently to appeal to his common sense. How very slippery was that slope! So slippery was it that one might listen to different clergy belonging to the same denomination of Protestantism and hear the Gospel interpreted in different ways! The only thing on which they appeared to agree was their anxiety that religious observance should be made "comfortable;" Christianity must not offend the enlightened age to which we belonged; it must not scare a man, nor appall him. If he scoffed or trembled at the idea of "hell's fires," then let him cherish some more palatable idea of punishment, one less offensive to his susceptibilities or his intelligence. In short, while he was prepared to be a "reasonably good Christian," why spoil his peace of mind by asking him for too much?

Some of those men who then preached "easy" Christianity have since come to regret it bitterly. Among their number are those who, only a few years later, were complaining that although everything possible had been done to make religion increasingly "attractive" the churches were fighting a losing battle with the cinemas. Catholics who went both to their churches and their cinemas must have been puzzled by this.

However, I have wandered from my own reactions to those times. And my reactions were not unusual. If there was so much doubt and dissension among Protestants concerning their

own faith, why not seek a better faith?

I began to look for a more convincing religion; a religion whose foundation was solid rock, and not the shifting sands of disunion; a religion that would support a man firmly in his greatest spiritual emergency. Yet, Catholicism was the one faith on which I decided not to waste my time.

Do not blame me. No youngster who has been brought up in the Church of England can escape becoming eventually convinced that the Roman Church is debased, superstitious, and on occasions corrupt. The fact that Rome has had bad popes as well as good is offered to the tender child mind as sufficient evidence that Christ had never intended a mortal man to be the head of the Church. The fact that a Catholic prays to the Mother of God and the saints is an instance of superstitious idolatry. To complete my prejudice, I had surreptitiously imbibed, like most other youths of those days, one of those sensational "revelations" of low life in nunneries which the average bookseller prefers not to sell. True, the latter did not in itself convince me; nevertheless, it no doubt helped to set a seal on my prejudice. Roman Catholicism was just another easygoing "suit-yourself" brand of Christianity, I told myself.

Though I had begun to look about for a new religion, I was not in any particular hurry. Like most youthful agnostics, I was somewhat proud of my agnosticism; and very shortly afterwards, to sharpen my amateurish doubts of God and His good, there



came the World War of 1914 in which seemingly the more innocent sections of humanity were conspicuously the sufferers while the rascals went scot free.

However, in my own agnostic way, I went to war also. I did not invoke Christ; I merely said that, whoever was responsible for the war, my country was in trouble and, blood being thicker than water, I wanted to stand by my country. Eventually I was wounded, and during the two and a half years I spent in the hospital I had leisure to take an occasional nibble at the study of comparative theology. In a casual way, I covered a fairly wide field, particularly in the modern religions which aim at providing a shortcut to spiritual comfort. Many of them were attractive, flattering, scientifically plausible, but they all failed in one respect. Each left a man too free to "understand" God from his own private viewpoint; each allowed a worship that would not interfere unduly with one's comfort. Not one required a man to exercise any particular self-discipline or self-sacrifice. They left a man not so much with a faith in God as a dangerous faith in himself.

Thereafter, my agnosticism became more pronounced. And I need but mention the effect on my mode of living. I had reached manhood in those postwar days when, even among the humblest sections of society, the previously accepted standards of morality were rapidly crumbling. That social disintegration was hastened by the freedom of expression which was increas-

ingly permitted on the stage and in popular literature. I was no less "modern" than the next man.

Although it did not have any immediate effect on me, there was one thing which impressed me, however. Whenever I met a Catholic I was soon aware he was different from others. The changing times did not seem to have affected him, either in his mental outlook or his behavior. Moreover, he seemed happier than most people.

There was a time, for instance, when I went to live in a London hotel staffed mainly by Catholic girls. It was easy to distinguish them from the non-Catholics by their contentment in the humble and often unpleasant tasks they had to perform. On Sunday mornings, Mona, my chambermaid, was even more cheerful than on other days. I learned eventually that it was because she had attended Mass; and, in her case, it entailed getting up early, to be back at her duties at eight o'clock. She went to Mass in all weathers.

I had met also a man who was a good athlete, a fine companion, and typically a man's man. Among persons who scoff at churchgoing it is a common expression that a fellow who is a Christian must obviously be namby-pamby. This man was very much the reverse. He was as hearty and breezy as he was strong and big-fisted. Yet one morning he surprised me. In the middle of a fairly important piece of work on which we were engaged, he excused himself. "I must slip out to church!" he said. "It's a holyday of obligation." He said it frankly, proud-



ly. When he returned, I had to question him. I applauded his loyalty to his faith, I said, but was his attendance at church absolutely necessary? Could he not perform his religious duties just as easily in his own mind? His reply made me think: "There aren't any half-measures in being an R.C. One either accepts the discipline of the Church unquestionably or ceases in effect to be a member of the Church." Discipline! I did not entirely realize it then, but he had shown me why the Church endures. Discipline; the calm, total obedience to what Christ and His Church commands. Unhappiness and doubt did not afflict Christians until they first permitted themselves to question that discipline.

There came a day, not much more than two years ago, when my growing curiosity concerning the secret of the average Catholic's happiness made me accept a woman's invitation to go to high Mass with her. As a non-Catholic, I was naturally puzzled, but I noticed that although there were at least five other Catholic churches in the same city the church was packed; persons who had failed to get seats were kneeling on the hard floor. Recalling the Anglican complaint of "empty churches," I was even more anxious to discover the Roman Catholic's happy secret. I went to Mass again.

I had not yet felt any urge to become a Catholic, but I continued my Sunday visits to this particular church. I was now sufficiently interested to use a missal. Often it occurred to me that probably I had no right to be joining the

Roman Catholics in their most solemn devotion, but I was enjoying that experience. On leaving the church I had the new sensation of being "protected." That sensation lingered for quite a long time. Not long afterwards, I found myself entering this church at odd times during the week. Usually it would be in the morning on my way to work. I was never alone; others would pay brief visits, too—which made me think with some amusement of the surprise this would cause among certain non-Catholic denominations.

One morning, as I was coming away from my ten minutes' meditation, I had to seek shelter in the church porch because of a sudden shower. I was joined eventually by a Jesuit father, a convert himself from the Anglican faith, I later discovered. He had shaken the rain from his umbrella and was offering it to me. "I've another!" he answered my protests. "Return it when the sun shines." I did. At the same time, in writing a note of thanks, I apologized for the fact that I had been a "trespasser" in his church. But, I added, I had wanted to know more about the happy faith which can draw people into a church at any and every hour of the day. He replied. Eventually, but without any obligation on my part, we arranged for a weekly chat.

About nine months later I was formally received into the Church. I had many satisfying spiritual experiences as a result of that happening; but I must emphasize this: there are good reasons for that happiness which I had long ago detected in the average Cath-

olic. And most of them, if not all, spring from his complete acceptance of the teachings of the Church, and his unquestioning obedience to its commands. Which brings me back to the many professing Christians, clergy and laity alike, who fail to find complete happiness. What *are* their reasons? Yet surely there can be only *one* reason: the stupidity and vanity of a man's believing he is free to interpret Christ's commands in whatever manner pleases him. To prove how ridiculous such a belief is, one need only reflect on this: that Christ gave His commands, not to humanity as a whole, but only to those chosen few who were to found His Church, with St. Peter as its first head. Moreover, that even to those chosen few who, after His resurrection, must have hung upon His every word, He still elected not to make everything clear. They, His Church, were to wait for the signs which, in His own good time, He would give them. It follows therefore that where, in His mysterious wisdom, He has deliberately withheld certain things from mortal understanding, the men who now, in a score of different ways, profess to take the veil from these things are not His friends, but unwittingly His enemies; for, by their efforts to improve on what He taught His Church, they create the very disunity and consequent unhappiness against which He warned us.

In the true Church, by contrast, there is no unhappiness nor disunity. This is solely because, *with nothing added nor taken away*, it accepts Christ's commands as He gave them.

We Catholics all know, of course, that the literal acceptance of those commands is increasingly challenged by the science of our age. Yet it leaves us unmoved. The modern non-Catholic churchman who is prepared, on the so-called superior evidence of science, to surrender even the smallest fragment of the original Christian belief, should remember that science is no more than a mortal beholder's appreciation of the wonders of God. If science and God do not apparently agree, then very obviously the opposition cannot possibly be real. If we have a little patience, we shall find very soon that the misunderstanding is cleared up. God does not change; neither does He err.

So, in the Roman Catholic Church we are happy because, regardless of the ephemeral "wisdom" and counterinfluences of our immediate age, we persist in clinging to the one original faith. And, in contrast to those who have broken away from us, we are a *large* family—somewhat larger than those families who owe their origin to the rebellion of an overmarried king or the emotionalism of those who would condemn a truth because here and there it has been exploited by a knave. We are distributed the world over; moreover, we are a force so united that even the incidence of a world war has not spiritually dispersed us. In the unassailable neutrality of the Vatican, the spiritual successor of St. Peter prays equally for the peace and happiness of *all* nations. Because that prayer knows no barriers of race nor geography nor politics, it will be answered, and to the full.

# The Case of the Cloistered Nun

By MICHAEL MAYO

Condensed from the *Torch*\*

Walls are for exclusion

The doctor is well known, both in class and out, for his ideas; "liberal," the local editor calls them, with the professor's approval. In the course of our ride, we happened to pass a convent.

"There's an example of what I mean," he boomed. "Innocent women are behind those walls, women who otherwise would be the mothers of our manhood, young girls, the helpless victims of crackpot priests." The doctor would free every cloistered nun in the world by tearing down the walls.

No he wouldn't. He might like to think he would, but the nuns themselves would have something to say about that. Because those walls were not put up to keep women inside who otherwise would run away; they were put up to keep the world out. The cloister is not a penitentiary; it is a private estate, the home of holy women who voluntarily ask for entrance to spend their lives primarily in prayer.

It is always easier to think and to pray in a quiet place. When we ourselves have some deep thinking to do, we don't sit down in the middle of the locomotive yards. Rather, we go to the seclusion of our rooms. That's why the silence rule is enforced in the public library, and partly the reason we don't talk in church. And so the nuns who want to concentrate all of their energies

totally on prayer and God, go into the quiet behind cloister walls and bind themselves to a difficult rule of life for His honor.

Naturally, this must involve sacrifice. The young woman who voluntarily says good-bye to her loved ones and then, receiving as her everyday garb a coarse, drab gown, makes solemn vows to God that for the rest of her life she will be poor, chaste and obedient is making, as far as the world is concerned, the supreme sacrifice of everything she could ever want. And why? Simply because she is in love.

In speaking of the love of the cloistered nun, we do not mean a girl's infatuation for a uniform, however homely, nor a silly craving to do something heroic. Nor do we mean the romantic revenge of the jilted lover who, in typical soap-opera fashion, rushes madly into the cloister with a great sob. The love of the nun is above all this; it is unearthly, belonging to God alone. And it must be durable, because like gold it will be tried by fire.

Now don't think for a minute that every Pam, Sue or Carrie can be a nun. No, it is not so easy as all that. In fact, the comparative scarcity of nuns indicates how particular God is in those He chooses: a divine insistence on quality instead of quantity.

In fact, the first "must have" of any

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. October, 1944.

nun is that she be chosen for that life by God, that she have a vocation. The calling need not be vocal, as Samuel's was. God doesn't stand in front of the parish church, like Uncle Sam in front of the local post office, waving his forefinger and exclaiming, "I want you!" God's call is ordinarily secret; He speaks directly to her unselfish heart, and His message holds no promise of earthly pleasures. It is an invitation to a life of sacrifice and of complete self-denial when He whispers into her ear, "Come, follow Me." It is up to her to decide. Her consent is her first step toward a life of hardship, self-sacrifice, and supreme happiness.

Thus, with her best foot forward, she takes the step. It is a serious one, filled with nervous uncertainties, for though the aspirant feels certain God is calling her, He has never given her a written guarantee. And this indecision is something only she and God can dissolve, and that behind convent walls; for, after all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Sometimes a girl who at first feels she is called by God, soon after entering the convent learns she is mistaken. Imagine though, what a terrible mistake it would be if that woman had already taken vows and pledged herself even temporarily to the confining life of a nun! It is precisely to prevent any such mistakes that the aspirant, upon entrance to the convent, must pass through a period of trial and basic training, usually a period of six months, during which she and her superiors sincerely test her vocation. Now don't

be scandalized to learn that some of the girls leave during this first period of postulancy. That is to be expected; otherwise, there would be no need for a test. They are girls of the finest type to be found, but they are simply out of place in the convent. So they return to the world, their heads high and their hearts content: they are sure that their vocation is not in the Religious life.

But as regards the others who remain—we might expect that now, since they have completed their postulancy, they would pledge their vows and become full-fledged nuns. Not at all. They may wish to take their vows, but prudent Mother Church is not yet ready to allow them. She is not completely satisfied that they really have vocations. And she must be certain. So now the aspirants pass on to another, even more strenuous life, in a new home, the novitiate. Their period as novices lasts usually for two full years, and during this time the life they had known as postulants is enlarged and elaborated upon. They learn to live the Religious life as it should be lived, not only in form, but also in spirit. In tune with this spirit, connections with persons and events beyond the walls are almost completely broken. Mail is sparse; visitors are few; and never, not even for an hour or so, do the novices leave their seclusion to go back into the world.

They may if they want to, of course. They may leave any time. All they have to do is pack their things and check out, as in a hotel. Yes, it is as



simple as all that: no ecclesiastical approbations to be obtained, no tithes to be paid, not even a discharge to be granted. Consequently, it can be truthfully said that no postulant, novice, or nun is confined against her will in any convent in the world.

But this rule of cloistering the novice from her family and friends is very severe. It is meant to be so. For the novice it is not only a test, but it is also an education in the Religious life. And no girl ever learned to live the Religious life in the corner drugstore chatting with the neighborhood cowboys. Furthermore, no one asks any girl to take upon herself the trials and the joys of the novitiate; she asks this of her own free will. Before she is allowed to enter she must meet many requirements: one of them is the postulancy. In other words, there is not a novice, or, for that matter, a nun in this world by compulsion. She is free to leave at any time, and no one, priest, bishop, or pope, can threaten her (as if any one would wish to) with brimstone, fire, or excommunication if she departs. Consequently, a novice is a novice as a nun is a nun, voluntarily, and by the grace of God.

Also, for the love of God! Every sacrifice, answering the bell before the sun even dreams of starting to work, for instance, or keeping silence when it would be so good to hear even her own echo, and then working all day long, praying, and playing with everything that's in her, all is done only because she loves God. Preposterous, this life? Well, have you ever been in love?

The novice and the nun are very, very much in love. Not madly, though, but sanely.

That is why they are so gloriously happy. In fact, as a class they are probably the happiest women on earth. True, they haven't the movies, cigarettes, and cosmetics that women risk life and limb for at the bargain counter. But they have something superior and more substantial. They have in their chapel every day the God to whom they are devoting their lives; they have His Mass and His sacraments. And the Religious knows God will return Love for love, so why shouldn't she be happy? Nor is her happiness always somber and sober; it is the type of joy that in recreation time goes laughing down the porticos.

The novitiate of two years finished, the candidate graduates. It is her profession day, and clothed in the whitest purity she and her classmates go to the altar to become Sisters in Christ. Also, she goes to the altar to publicly promise God that for the next year or two she will be poor, chaste, and obedient out of love for Him. Notice, though, that even yet the nun may not pledge her vows for life. She may desire to profess them forever, and certainly her age indicates that she must, by now, know her own mind, but Mother Church is cautious; she is still not certain that, sooner or later, the new Sister will not want to change her mind. Sister So and So is professed; she is a full-fledged nun, temporarily.

Now, those vows that she has taken, they are outrageous, aren't they? The



gay divorcees think so. For, believe it or not, they, too, took vows, as truly as the nun, and supposedly "until death do them part." Naturally, now when consciences prick, they don't blame themselves for breaking their vows. Instead they blame the vows they took, as illogically as blaming the letter for being lost, and not the mailman.

It is different with the nun, though. Before she is permitted to take any vows she must pass through years of trial and of basic training. Then after she has been in the life almost three years she may take her vows, but only temporarily, say for two years or so. After those two years, or about five years altogether in the spiritual life, if she doesn't want to renew her vows, she is sent back into the world with every blessing of her superiors and of her sister Religious. However, if she wants to renew them, she may, with the permission of her superiors, for life. But, and this is important, if after five, ten, 20 or 50 years in the convent any nun wants to leave, she can be released from her vows to live in the world as an ordinary laywoman. This has been done, though the number of cases indicates how few nuns become discontented after taking final vows.

"But a cloistered nunnery," the doctor will argue, "is such a waste of time and of womanpower, especially in these days of all-out war!" Why, in comparison to the amount of work done by any nun in a single day, we are slackers. They are early to rise, and then all day long they spend their lives in work and prayer, plus a few hours

of recreation. And as for recreation, would you prefer to knit or crochet? Then, early to bed.

Naturally, though, since the cloistered nuns very rarely go beyond the walls, their work is confined almost exclusively to the cloister. Consequently, it would be impossible for them to, say, staff a parochial school, or manage a city hospital. But in spite of their seclusion, the talents which God has given them are never wasted. Since they don't go into the world, very often the world beats a path to their door: to their schools, sometimes as little tots in kindergarten, who wish to do nothing more than play with blocks, and when they leave, years and years later, they carry away with them college degrees. Yes, of course, their schools are for girls only.

But teaching school, or guiding girls to God, or making vestments—these are only the secondary occupations of the cloistered nuns. Their first job, and, of course, most important, is praying. Their whole day and their whole lives are simply continual prayers to God. Such a life foolish and wasteful? If, like the doctor, you deny that there is a God, then the answer would naturally be yes. But if you believe we were created and redeemed by a God who loves each one of us individually, then the life of the cloistered is not at all foolish; it is rather to be expected. And to us believers in God the cloister becomes the most valuable benefice humanity has ever received, even though we do not appreciate it. For those nuns are not so selfish that all their prayers

are for themselves and persons they know. Rather, they so love God that their love overflows, like too much coffee into the saucer, to include all mankind. That is, you and me. Though we have never realized it, the prayer of some holy nun whom we never saw nor heard of has been whisking along to heaven with our name attached.

Naturally, though, the doctor will not listen to all this; he will still insist that those walls must come down. That is his idea of freedom. Here are women who wish to bother no one, and who seek only to be left alone on their private estate behind cloister walls. And his notion of freedom wouldn't allow them to live as they want to live. What freedom!

We could probably laugh it off if the

doctor was alone in his bewilderment. But sadly, he is not; he is one of the many who for authority can fall back upon the licensed infallibility of their Ph.D's. And in their numbers they are a problem, because it may be that their logic, or rather, lack of it, will go far in building the new world order. In other words, we cannot afford to be Neros while Rome burns.

In the meantime, while the doctor and his sort continue to strut their gaudy hour on the stage of life, parading their degrees like academic totalitarianism and boom-bah-bahing their self-anointed dogmas of destruction, somewhere behind high gray walls an unknown nun is on her calloused knees praying for them, as well as for you and me.



### Parked

In a Texas town a corporal parked an Army jeep alongside a parking meter, got out, and walked down the street. The town constable, watching, called after him, "Hey, Buddie, you'd better drop a nickel in that meter."

The soldier stopped and turned. "Put it in yourself," he replied. "That jeep belongs to you as much as it does to me."

*The Victorian* (Nov. '44).

### Checked

A checkroom girl in a Red Cross club in Australia reached for an ammunition bag being checked by a corporal. "Check this, please," he said. She gulped and took a second look. There in the bag was a four-week-old kangaroo.

"Are you serious?" she asked. "Sure," said the corporal. "We're going to dinner. Just hang the bag on a hook and she'll sleep till we get back."

She was named Ninepence Josephine by Cpl. Norman Seddon of a troop-carrier squadron when he found her the week before, hopping alone on a mountain top in northeastern Australia. Unable to find the mother, Corporal Seddon adopted her.

*The Red Cross Courier* (Oct. '44).

# Peace Through Papal Arbitration

By LIAM BROPHY

Condensed from the *Cross\**

The Truce of God was one of the most successful efforts ever made by the Church to impose peace on turbulent Europe, and was the beginning of papal arbitration, by which the Supreme Pontiff intervened between warring factions. The foundation of this truce is to be found in the Council of Elne in the Roussillon (1027). Originally it prohibited battles to be fought from the ninth hour on Saturday till the first hour of the following Monday. In 1041 the number of days in which fighting was forbidden was increased. A four-day armistice, from Wednesday evening till Monday morning, was proposed to the bishops of Italy by the Abbot of Cluny, the Archbishop of Arles, the Bishops of Nice and Avignon. To these four days the Council of Montriand added the period from Advent until after Epiphany, and from Septuagesima till the first Sunday after Easter. The Duke of Normandy later added three weeks. The Council of Narbonne, in 1054, added other days of peace: feasts of our Lady, St. John the Baptist, the apostles, St. Justin, St. Pastor, St. Lawrence, St. Michel, the vigils, and the September Ember days.

That the Church could impose such a beneficent law on warlike Europe during those troubled days was due to the fact that Europe was then one in the faith. That marvelous unity has

been described in the glowing pages of Chateaubriand in *Genie du Christianisme*; by Kenelm Digby in his neglected *Mores Catholici*. The non-Catholic Novalis has dwelt on it with nostalgic longing in his scholarly *Christenthum oder Europa*. Bishops and princes could take practical steps for the abolition of war when feudal society was still in a formative state. The spiritual head of such a society was acknowledged and respected. He became the arbiter of Christendom. The number of occasions on which he exercised this role of peacemaker is truly impressive, reaching its maximum in the period between the 12th and 15th centuries.

The great Pope Innocent III affords an example of such beneficent intervention. He compelled the kings of France and England, with censure and interdict, to make a truce. When Philip-Augustus violated the truce, the Pope said, "We are obliged not only to preach peace to the sons of peace, we are in addition obliged to strive for peace and make it prevail." The same Pope delineated the limits of his authority in precise terms: "We have no intention of intervening in questions of sovereignty, which concern the king, unless owing to some special privilege or some contrary custom, these be a departure from the common law; but we do mean to concern ourselves about

\*Mount Argus, Dublin, S.W. 7, Ireland, September, 1944.

sin, the condemnation of which is undoubtedly within our province, and we mean to exercise that right of censure against all without distinction of persons."

One of the first fruits of the Reformation was disintegration of European society, and disregard for ecclesiastical authority. The fruits of that revolt have reached a sad maturity in our time in what Pope Benedict aptly called "the suicide of Europe." Europe must return to the faith if she is to rediscover her unity and save her culture. It was the Catholic Church, saving what was best in the Greco-Roman culture, which molded Europe. But it must be always borne in mind, as Maritain has so often insisted, that if our culture is Greco-Roman, our religion is not.

The Church adopted and adapted that culture, but she is in no way bound

to it, nor would she be compromised in its collapse. "I do not despair of Europe," says the same versatile lay apologist. "The deep springs of her life are still there, concealed, but not dried up. But I do say that no purely human means, only the Church and the faith, can make them gush forth again."

Signs are not wanting that the war-weary world is looking to the Supreme Pontiff for guidance. In the chaos which will follow the present terrible conflict men will search in desperation for certainties and spiritual support, and discover them, we may hope, in the unshaken Rock of Peter. But only when Europe has returned to vital Christianity and accepts the Pontiff again as supreme arbiter may she hopefully plan those things which are for her enduring peace.



### Question and Answer

Once, in Albany, Al Smith was arguing for workmen's compensation. The farm bloc opposed him, feeling that farm labor should be included among those entitled to compensation for injuries. As Al neared the conclusion of his speech, a farm member shouted, "What good is a Workmen's Compensation Law to a farm laborer out of work?"

Smith paused and turned directly to the questioner. "As I was walking down Park Row this morning a friend of mine tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Al, which would you rather be, a cellar full of stepladders, a basketful of doorknobs, or a piece of cracked ice?' and I replied, 'I would rather be a fish because you can always break a pane of plate glass with a hammer.'"

The member was befuddled. He sputtered, "Mr. Speaker, I certainly do not get the point to the gentleman's answer."

Smith shouted at him, "You don't get the point to my answer. Well, let me say to you that there is just as much point to my answer as there is to your question."

G. J. Corbett in the *Liguorian* (Nov. '44).



# Happier Days for Pius XII

By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

Failing, he triumphs

Condensed from the *New York Times Magazine*\*

One of the most overwhelming convictions held by Pope Pius XII is belief in the desirability of peace. Yet all but seven months of his pontificate have been spent in the midst of a world war. From the time that Italy went to war against the U. S., and foreign journalism on a free basis ended, the Vatican was partly cut off from the world. There were long stretches when little was known abroad of the activity of the Holy See, and during the nine months from the German seizure of Rome on Sept. 9, 1943, until the Allied entry on June 4, 1944, the Pope might just as well have been once again "the prisoner in the Vatican." That period has ended and the time has come to fill in some of the gaps in public knowledge.

One cannot say that because of the war Pope Pius has had more work to do. There are only 24 hours in a day, and even before the war the Pontiff was busy from morning to night. What the war has done has been to affect the character of his work. Not for one moment in the last five years has he been far from the burdens of war. He saw its horrors when he visited scenes of bombing, and its cares have been laid upon his shoulders during every day's work.

Physically Pope Pius has weathered the storm well, although he is obvious-

ly tired. His routine has changed little and he is at work from early morning to late at night with only his afternoon walk in the Vatican gardens as relaxation. His mornings are devoted to audiences so numerous they often overflow into the afternoon. Since our troops liberated Rome the Pope has seen and been seen by thousands of American and Allied soldiers.

From 2,000 to 5,000 Allied troops pour into the Vatican every day for audiences. They are encouraged and allowed to give normal vent to their piety and enthusiasm. The Pope invariably makes a brief speech and, being a remarkable linguist, whenever possible he speaks in the tongue native to his audience. His present audiences are unlike those held during nazi occupation, even though the Pope gave orders when the Germans were here that any soldiers who came to the Vatican should be admitted immediately to the audience hall.

However, those assemblies were relatively cold and infrequent because the German high command discouraged them and German soldiers had strict orders not to kneel but to salute at attention, and to shake hands instead of kissing the Pope's ring. Pope Pius made no speeches at those audiences, but he always engaged some of the soldiers individually in conversation.

\*Times Square, New York City. Oct. 15, 1944.

He has shown he likes the change in attitude, enthusiasm, and attendance since our troops came to Rome. And innumerable Allied soldiers, as well as those Germans who attended papal audiences, can bear witness to the courtesy, kindness, and patience that continue unfailing despite almost superhuman demands.

Much could be written on the Pontiff's encouragement of the Vatican's important work for refugees and war prisoners and of the support he gave the Vatican's campaign to save Italian art and cultural treasures from destruction. No Pope could have done more along the simple lines of charity and helpfulness than Pius XII. All this work put quite a strain on Vatican finances, which are reputedly in rather difficult condition at present. But the Pontiff has never let that interfere with his disbursements.

During the nine months of nazi occupation the Vatican's population grew, for in that period the Holy See did an extraordinary work of sheltering and championing the victims of the nazi-fascist regime. I have spoken to dozens of Italians, both Catholics and Jews, who owe their liberty and perhaps their lives to the protection of the Church. In some cases anti-fascists were actually saved from execution through the Pope's intervention.

The Grand Rabbi of Rome, Prof. Anton Israel Zolli, told me recently of the debt of gratitude the Jewish community owes to the Pope. The nazis suddenly demanded a large contribution in gold which the Jews tried des-

perately to raise, but being a poor community they could not reach the total of 60 kilograms. An "anonymous" donation, which everyone knew came from the Pope, made up that sum.

One thing the Pope has demonstrated passionately in these war years is his love for Rome and Italy, which is natural and human and which has not been dimmed by the universality of the Church's mission and his own work. After all, he is the Pope, so to speak, because he is the Bishop of Rome, and Rome is his native city. Since Italy entered the war in June, 1940, Pius has never left Rome, standing firmly by his resolve not to abandon the city, come what may.

As the war dragged on, food problems in Italy became more difficult, and so did heating, but the Pope was determined that he and everyone at the Holy See should share the same privations as the Roman populace. So, although coal was available, the Vatican went through two winters without heating, and although flour was plentiful, those in Vatican City ate the same black bread in the same quantity as those outside.

The whole period between the first air raid on Rome on July 19, 1943, and the Allied entry on June 4, 1944, was an extremely difficult one for the Pontiff, but it earned him the unanimous gratitude of Roman citizens, who are convinced he saved them and their city.

It is widely believed in Rome that at one time the Pope had decided to move out of Vatican City and into Rome proper if Allied bombings dem-

onstrated any constant danger to the city and its population. He felt that he should share the dangers of his flock on equal terms and not live in the safety of the Vatican. Actually, even Vatican City was bombed once by a fascist-republican plane, but, except for the first two Allied bombings, Rome proper was not attacked, and even in those two raids the greatest care was taken to keep far away from the Vatican. From the beginning of the war the Pope took a stand against the bombing of cities and he reiterated that policy several times.

Long before Mussolini declared war on the U. S., much to the Pontiff's sorrow, the Pope had already shown clearly that he considered it imperative to adhere strictly to a neutral role, while working for peace based upon the five points he first put forth in his Christmas speech of 1939.

These proposals contained, among other things, the defense of small nations, the right to live, disarmament, some new kind of league of nations, and a plea for the moral principles of justice and love. These themes were emphasized in the Pontiff's first important pronouncement after the U. S. was at war (his Christmas speech of 1941) and to this day they remain the basis of the Vatican's program.

The Catholic Church is authoritarian and hierarchical in its structure, which means that if the Pontiff has the determined character and the health to put in a tremendous day's work he can impose his will and ideas upon Vatican policy. Pope Pius is of that type. He

has profound convictions and he imposes them. His training for the papacy was primarily diplomatic, but it was his character which made him a diplomat.

By definition diplomats have to be conciliatory and understanding, capable of seeing both sides in any controversy and careful not to offend either side. But when nations and their leaders are convinced that their side in a war is just, they do not enjoy seeing anyone hold the scales even and condemn all concerned for having recourse to arms. When those on one side believe or know they are going to win they do not like to be advised that charity and forgiveness are the greatest of virtues and that peace terms should embody these virtues. History has seen many Pontiffs who would not have taken this line, but Pius XII's character impels him to do so.

Through all the worldly strife and the new and difficult burdens laid upon him by this war the Pope's role has remained what it always has been and what he chose that it should be: that of peacemaker and conciliator. Obviously he has failed, since there has been no peace, and only the Germans now want conciliation. However, one cannot say that his influence has been ineffective nor that in the coming years of the peace settlement he will not find great scope for his ideals, which have not failed for lack of nobility.

His failure has been political, while his true mission is spiritual. In that field he may yet rank as one of the few who triumphed in these terrible years.

# He Got an Autograph

By TIMOTHY J. MULVEY, O.M.I.

Condensed from *Columbus*\*

*Mea maxima culpa*

I'm sure Pope Pius XII will forgive me. Naturally, I have never told him I was the guilty person. However, since more than six years have passed, I will venture to confess all.

Now this is the way it happened. Eugene Cardinal Pacelli, Secretary of State to Pope Pius XI, was speaking from the huge gymnasium platform at the Catholic University. The hall was jammed, and I, an anonymous first-year theologian, was standing somewhere in the midst of that crowd.

Cardinal Pacelli never suspected that even while he was speaking, I was drawing up my plans. It would be very simple. First of all, I would squirm out of the crowd. Then I would approach him, genuflect, kiss his ring, and after a brief preliminary exchange of greetings, I would reach into my pocket, and . . .

After squeezing through the crowd, I learned that the Cardinal was being escorted to the National Shrine on the campus. This simplified matters, so I thought.

When I reached the Shrine I found policemen guarding the entrances. No one was to enter until after the Cardinal had made his visit.

"No one?" I asked.

"No one."

Having been used to sneaking under I.R.T. turnstiles when I was young and

without nickels, I faced this situation with a scandalous sense of *savoir faire*. So, when the policeman turned to look at the weather, or something, I found myself suddenly within the Madonna room of the Shrine.

As soon as I stepped inside, my eyes were blurred with Cardinal scarlet, archiepiscopal red, monsignorial purple, and a confusion of other hierarchical colorings that seemed to rise in one brilliant tidal wave threatening to engulf my trespassing bit of clerical black. Or to put it simply, I walked straight into a procession. Archbishop Curley, about ten feet in front of the procession, was describing some paintings for Cardinal Pacelli.

I was tempted to run, realizing the impropriety of my actions. But just then the Cardinal looked at me. I hesitated for a moment; then he smiled. That was all the encouragement I needed. Trying feverishly to remember the correct title of address, I walked towards him. Was it His Excellency? Or was it His Eminence? I wasn't sure. By the time I reached him my heart was pounding. Forgetting all the rules, I held out my hand and said, weakly, "Hello, Cardinal."

Cardinal Pacelli shook my hand and laughed softly.

Now comes the confession. Yes, I'll admit it. For one day in my life, I was

\*270 Pearl St., New York City, 7. October, 1944.



an autograph hunter. I reached into my pocket and took out a pen and some paper.

"Would you please sign your name on this paper?" I asked him.

He looked at me and said very quietly, "I suppose there is nothing wrong in signing one's name to a piece of paper."

With the Cardinal beside me, I led the entourage over to a table. Cardinal Pacelli took the pen I offered him and began to write.

The incident might have ended here, with a signature. But something happened. The barrel of my pen was wet with ink. Two streams of ink had already begun to run down the Cardinal's fingers. Lifting the pen in the air, he inspected it for a moment. I expected something like the seven Furies to settle down any instant on my head.

Then the Cardinal, still smiling, bent down again, and continued to write. When he had finished, the ink was actually trickling off the nail of

his third finger. I was so mortified and frightened that I took the pen and paper and rushed out of the Madonna room without even thanking him. In my fast exit all I could hear was the voice of the Apostolic Delegate inquiring for a handkerchief.

That was the last autograph I have ever requested. Somehow, I can't escape the impression that autograph hunters are the sort of people you would like to see in guillotines. I promise never to bother anyone again.

There is just this to add: Now that I have Cardinal Pacelli's signature, I have also the memory of a great man who was patient and kind enough to satisfy, if not the appropriate, at least the harmless whim of one obscure seminarian. And it was with a deep sense of pride that I recollected, one memorable morning since, that the finger which, through my fault, was stained with ink, is the same finger which, by the election of God, is adorned with the precious ring of Peter.



### Receive This White Garment, Not

The new convert, witnessing a Catholic Baptism for the first time, is struck by its beauty and significance; but is also a little dashed when the priest after saying, "Receive this white garment . . ." almost immediately snatches it back again; for it appears that this garment which the child is adjured to carry without stain is hustled back into the church "property box" as soon as the ceremony is over. Could not the parents or godparents provide, not only the white garment, but the candle as well, so that they could be taken away and preserved for the child as an inspiration and reminder to him of his baptismal vows?

*Holy Roodlets (Sept. '44).*

# Norway and Denmark

Condensed from *Catholic Missions*\*

Pillage of a people

**The Norwegian** is at heart profoundly religious. Norwegian intellectual classes, though much influenced by German rationalism and badly infected by materialism and indifferentism, are not uninterested in religion. Prior to the damnable invasion of their country, the metropolitan newspapers often published long articles on religious subjects. In Norway, the press was not considered the private organ of a few publishers. Rather, the owners considered themselves trustees of public opinion. Thus, considerable public debate was carried on in the press, and the newspaper came to be a battleground, with the editor or publisher acting in the capacity of referee. This situation was favorable to the truth. Catholics were not slow to avail themselves of the public press for promulgation of truth which otherwise would never reach most ears.

The steadfastness with which the people of Norway have preserved the title of our Lady is remarkable. Almost every city has its Mary church. In the capital itself, Protestants are proud to conduct an inquiring visitor to the oldest church in the kingdom, adding, as likely as not, that their ancestors built it and dedicated it to Mary. It is said that in more than half the houses as far north as Lapland, a statue or picture of the blessed Virgin finds an honored place beside that of our Lord. To

Mary are dedicated many Norwegian fjords, valleys, rocks, streams and flow-ers of the field. Some day, through her intercession, this generous, open and sincere people will return to the fold from which they were ruthlessly and cunningly driven 400 years ago.

Out of a total population of some 2,927,000, Catholics number only 3,000. As late as 1889, Catholics did not exceed 350. Once a Catholic country, Norway is today a mission land and receives annual assistance from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Today, Norway has 33 missionaries, with 38 churches and chapels, while 350 Sisters labor in her schools, hospitals and orphanages.

Norway occupies the west part of the Scandinavian peninsula from the Skagerrack, which separates it from Denmark, to the North Cape in the Arctic ocean, where on the east it meets Finland. The country is 1,000 miles long, with a maximum width of 270 miles. Its coast is indented as no other country's. Countless arms of the sea, fjords, gash the land and penetrate it deeply. Thousands of islands, large and small, either cultivated and dotted with farms and fishermen's huts, or arid and deserted, are scattered among the fjords. It was from the islands and fjords that the Vikings of old sallied forth as sea marauders to ravage Normandy, Sicily and England.

\*109 E. 38th St., New York City, 16. October-November, 1944.

The scenery of Norway, notwithstanding its beauty, suggests mystery and a certain sadness. For six months the country is snowbound. Many people are everlastingly faced with calamity from sea or land. During the winter, scarcely a week passes without a shipwreck, a landslide back among the mountains, an avalanche of snow and ice sweeping destruction to life and property. Many are the fishing smacks that go down with their crews. Norway is a land where women are ever waiting and weeping and praying for their men who go to sea.

Norway was settled by invasion of the northern Germanic race about the beginning of the Christian era. Up to the 4th century numerous chiefs and heads of clans, each independent, shared a country containing 32 separate little kingdoms. A time came when one of them, Harold Haarfager (Fair-haired), ambitious for more power, achieved victory over all rival chieftains, and became founder of the Norwegian monarchy.

For the Norwegians of those days, military prowess was first of all virtues. Warriors who died with arms in their hands were alone admitted to the court of Thor or Odin in the Valhalla of the dead, where supreme happiness consisted in eating hugely, getting hilariously drunk on *mjod* (a honey concoction), and duelling fiercely with battle-axes. To die peacefully meant immediate damnation. It was this passion for war, raised to the height of a religion, as much as insufficient resources at home, that made the Norse-

men the terror of Europe. But in the designs of providence it was also for the barbarians an occasion of their salvation. Repeated contacts, however unfriendly, with Christians led the Vikings (sea marauders) to a knowledge of Christ.

The first Catholic king of the country was Haakon the Good (935-961), the youngest son of Harold Haarfager, and reared from his earliest days at the court of England. He knew little of the rude manners and customs of the men of his fatherland, over whom he was to rule at the age of 15. He believed that example and persuasion would be sufficient to tame those ferocious spirits and refused to use other means. He died without obtaining results. The glory of introducing Christianity into Norway was reserved to one of his successors, Olaf I. This prince became a Catholic during one of his plundering excursions. Famed for his exploits in arms and respected by all his people, he resolved to put his influence at the service of truth, and he did not disdain force as a means. But he died prematurely, his power fell to pagan princes, and Christianity withered and died.

In 1016, Olaf II, a descendant of Olaf I, succeeded to the throne. He was baptized in France during one of his expeditions, and returned home firmly resolved to take up the work of Christianization. Accompanied by a bishop and some missionaries, he traveled the length and breadth of the country, he himself employing both force and persuasion. The use of force

in convert-making is always odious and a means the Church has always rejected. But this great and good king, venerated as a saint by the Church, and the patron saint of Norway, should be judged by the times in which he lived. Olaf was brought up in the ways of a Viking, like all his countrymen. He knew that nothing was of greater value in the eyes of his people than force. What more natural, therefore, than that Christianity should defeat paganism by force? Arms would decide who was stronger, Christ or Thor. Northern paganism with its tradition of extreme violence contended in Olaf with the grace of the "White Christ." With him it was a lifelong struggle for mastery. Only at the end, through his atoning death, was the victory complete. He died a true martyr at the hands of determined enemies of Christianity as a religion, not at the hands of mere marauders. He met a first defeat when a large section of his pagan subjects, backed by the forces of a king of Denmark, revolted. King Olaf fled to Russia, and for a second time Christianity disappeared from Norway.

Years later, in 1030, like St. Paul and St. Patrick before him, Olaf heard voices. They urged him to go back to Norway as savior of his people. He assembled in Sweden and his own land an army of some 4,000 men, and advanced against his revolting subjects and their allies, the Danes. A desperate though unequal combat took place in an open plain near the present city of Trondheim, in which Olaf was slain. But in death he triumphed. Immediate

miracles gave the body of the king wide fame. The people, struck by the many wonders, sent a good-will deputation to his son Magnus, still in exile in Russia, begging him to accept the crown of Norway and promising to embrace Christianity. When this ruler died childless, the kingdom fell to Harold Hadrada (the Severe). A Viking, he waged bloody war against Denmark and attacked England, where he met defeat. After successive kings had conquered additional territory in the shape of several islands and a part of Sweden, Norway entered upon an unquiet period of armed disturbances caused by rivalry between ambitious ecclesiastical and secular dignitaries, to the detriment of the people. Under Hakon the Old (1217-1263) inward quiet was restored under a long reign of wisdom and firmness.

Then it was that Norway reached its greatest extent, including in her domains Greenland and Iceland. From the marriage of a daughter of Hakon and a prince of Sweden, a son named Magnus Erickson succeeded to the throne, thus for the first time creating a close union between the two northern Scandinavian countries. Later, another Norwegian king, marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark, secured a claim to the Danish throne. This remarkable woman, named Margaret, fell heir to the crown of Norway. She had a nephew named Eric, whom she enthroned, making him ruler of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. But Margaret, not Eric, was the real ruler. Ceaselessly she watched the affairs of



government and administration of justice, reducing the estates of the nobles and protecting the common man. After her death, lacking guidance, Eric, by appointment of corrupt and weak officials, caused universal discontent throughout the three kingdoms. His deposition was forced.

The union of the Scandinavian countries did not last long; it was dissolved in 1448. Sweden chose a king of her own, but only for a short time. Norway and Denmark joined to force Sweden into reunion. But the cruelty of King Christian II towards the Swedes prepared the way for the second defection of that country to Gustav Vasa, the assassin of Christian unity in Scandinavia and the artful persecutor of the Church in the northern countries. Christian II was a tyrant. He turned the nobles against him, and by undisguised attempts to open a path for the Lutheran heresy estranged the clergy and his loyal Catholic subjects. His uncle, Duke Frederick of Schleswig Holstein (then a part of Denmark), on becoming king, faithless to his promises, supported Lutheranism and tried to impose it on the people. It was left, however, to Christian III to bring Norway under Lutheran control by force and trickery.

In 1536, a group of nobles met. Their ignoble purpose was to get rich by the destruction of churches and monasteries and the appropriation of their lands. They urged Christian III to declare Norway a Danish province, take away its independence, and at the same time decree the abolition of the

Catholic religion in Denmark as well as in Norway. They attained their object from the too-willing despot. In 1537, a Danish fleet was dispatched to carry out the religious and national death sentence on Norway. Archbishop Olaf Engelbrethson of Trondheim defended religious liberty in Norway to the last. He was also the last defender of Norwegian independence. Forced into exile, he died of grief in Holland. Other bishops died in prison, one as a martyr.

The persecuting king sent his agents to Trondheim's glorious cathedral. Sacrilegious hands plied iconoclastic ax and hammer, leaving the interior of Norway's first and finest edifice, erected on the site of a pagan temple, in ruins. The soldiers broke open St. Olaf's shrine, scattered his bones, and, together with other booty, carried the richly ornamented reliquary back to Copenhagen, where it was robbed of its precious jewels to help fill the depleted treasury of an unscrupulous king. The majority of the people, deprived of their shepherds and not grasping the true nature of the change in their new religious leaders, were shamefully deceived. Lutheran "bishops," creatures of the state, wore miter and bore the crozier. Ministers dressed in Catholic vestments imitated externally the well-known Catholic ceremonies. The Norwegian people, who had never heard the name of Martin Luther, were forced to call themselves Lutherans.

Resistance, however, was not wanting and was prolonged. Many remain-

ed faithful. And to this day may be seen a subterranean chapel, the entrance to which, almost inaccessible, is on the border of a lovely lake. It bears the name St. Michael. There, as in the days of the Roman persecutions, the Catholics came in secret to assist at Mass. And there, the last priest in Norway ended his days after the death of Christian III. Before the disastrous enforcement of Lutheranism, there were upwards of 1,000 churches and 30 monasteries spread over the land. Schools were attached to the chief churches and the monasteries. Many communities of women flourished. For higher education Norwegians sent their sons to the foreign universities, especially Paris. As art was then closely connected with religion, its chief task was the building and decoration of churches and monasteries. Those were of singular and beautiful architecture. Some 20 old wooden churches, still extant, show with what skill the artists made use of the wood furnished in abundance by their native forests. But all the masterpieces of carvings, paintings, and other objects of art were either carried off from Norway as plunder, or destroyed.

With the destruction of the old faith and its institutions was associated the loss of national independence. For nearly three hundred years (1537-1814) Norway was a Danish province, at times outrageously plundered. The landed proprietors, once so fiercely proud, fell under the control of foreign tyrants. Religious liberty, which the Reformation claimed was to give the

people freedom, may be judged by a few articles from the penal laws in force from 1567 to 1844. They are similar to the Penal Laws enacted by the English in England and Ireland.

Better days came under the reign of Oscar I (1844-1859) when laws were passed releasing Catholics and other religious bodies from control of the state Lutheran church. On Palm Sunday, 1843, Mass was offered for the first time in modern days at Oslo, and a parish organized under the title of St. Olaf. And this present year 1944 marks the centenary of Catholic emancipation in Norway. In 1844 a law was enacted by the Storting (Great Parliament) granting all dissenters from Lutheranism freedom of worship and religious teaching. Added laws favorable to the Church were later enacted. Today, although considerable prejudice still exists, largely due to distortion of history, Norwegian Lutheranism has not the fanatic note characteristic of Protestant sects in other lands.

The Norwegian writer, famous convert, and Nobel prize winner, Madame Sigrid Undset, has done much with her historical novels to set her people right on their religious history. It was through her study of medieval Norway that Madame Undset first became interested in the Church. No doubt her writings will lead others of her native land to embrace the faith. The famed writer is at present an honored guest of our country. Thanks to her, many Americans know more about Norway, and Norwegians, more about the Church.

# Encounter With the Church

By PRIVATE JOHN M. OLIVER

Condensed from the Richmond *News-Leader*\*

**The harvest** moon is shining in Italy now. The big, lemon-colored disc rides majestically along the steel blue of the night skyways.

The good people of the Italian countryside are bringing in the sheaves. The golden corn is being husked. The luscious peaches and grapes are ready for plucking and the pears are beginning to fall.

I walked behind a farmhouse and there in the glow of the full moon sat a group shucking corn and singing.

You see, not many weeks ago they had a war on their hands. Those peaceful, happy people were amazed and confused. They could not understand why the terrible *Tedeschi* should come among them and bring this holocaust. The padre still shakes his head in wonderment and then gives thanks to the Almighty that the Allies arrived when they did.

It is a season of beauty, with the moon keeping light the nights which enhance the harvesting and the romancing. This is the Italy about which the poets wrote.

They also give thanks to the Lord. Italians are religious, but times like these make them and us think more. This morning for instance, I dropped into the church over which Padre Don Antonio presides. The padre is an eloquent gentleman.

Being a Protestant, I was somewhat ill at ease, but for some reason the atmosphere of being inside the church brought me a surcease I had not felt previously.

The little people were there. They are a humble people. They go to their church, and genuflect, and read from their prayer books while the eloquent Don Antonio offers the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

You would like Don Antonio. When he removes his robes he becomes another man, like you and me. He thanks you graciously for an American cigarette and invites you to have a glass of his *bianca vino* (white wine). Don Antonio is proud of his parish and tells you he was glad to have you in his church this morning.

When you try to convey to him that you didn't know what it was all about he gives you a disarming smile, and says, "*Signor via chiesa,*" which is to say, "You went to church."

Sometimes, looking at Don Antonio, you would say, "What a tackle he would have made for Notre Dame!"

But Don Antonio, for all his aristocratic bearing and his knowledge, is one of the little people. He wants it that way.

One day all of the little people and all the Don Antonios will sing together again. They will sing their song of joy-

\*Richmond, Va. Sept. 14, 1944.

ous tidings that the world is at peace and Don Antonio will go on into eternity as a leader of the little people.

When I think perhaps that in crossing two oceans to become part and par-

cel of this raging conflict was an entirely futile gesture, I look upon Don Antonio and his little people and see how happy they are. That, I concede, is not futility.



## Sadie at the Wake

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Condensed from his column\*

The dead woman was a Catholic and Irish. Most of the people who came to the wake were of the same religion and descent. They came in, murmured their words of sympathy, knelt at the coffin, then sought a place to sit.

A wake is something of a social occasion. People meet who have not seen one another for a long time. There is much conversation, a lot of it having nothing to do with the dead person, and some of it altogether too frivolous or noisy. There are those who maintain that a wake is not a success unless a good time is had by all. But, abuses apart, there is something right and proper about the reunions in a house touched by death. They witness to the solidarity of a neighborhood, to the ties which bind people one to another in all life's seasons.

When this wake was well started, a Jewish woman came in. Most of those present knew her, for she had long

lived in the section of which they were present or former residents. Nobody seemed more sorry for the bereaved family than she. She shook hands with the men and kissed the women. What her presence and her sentiments meant to them could be seen in their brimming eyes.

She sat down in the dining room. Those on either side of her knew her. There were warm greetings. People came across the room to speak to her.

Naturally the conversation turned to reminiscence about the dead woman. "What a marvelous friend she was," said the Jewish woman. "My husband and I came here from New York a little while after we were married. Getting a rent wasn't so easy. I was going to have a baby soon. The owners knew it and didn't want us.

"Finally we got a flat. The house was owned by one of my own kind. It was a three-family house. The landlord

\*The Sifting Floor. In the Catholic Transcript, Hartford, Conn. Sept. 14, 1944.



lived on the first floor, we lived on the second, and the O'Maras were on the third. I didn't have too easy a time with the baby and afterwards I was weak—oh, so weak I thought I'd never be the same. Mrs. O'Mara was wonderful to me; I can't say the same for the landlord. We were supposed to take turns doing the stairs. But I just could not do it for a while. I did not have the strength. The landlord was always complaining about it; talk, talk, talk. But the O'Maras just went ahead and took my turn.

"We couldn't stand the landlord forever. It made me so nervous, the way he talked, the way he found fault, the way he kept after the child. So one afternoon I put my daughter in the gocart and went looking for another rent, up one street, down the next. Nothing doing. Finally I saw a sign on a house. I went up the steps and rang the bell. Mrs. Griffin (the dead woman) came to the door. Yes, they had a rent. It looked just right for us, near Sam's work and all. But I was afraid about the children. I was expecting another then.

"So I asked Mrs. Griffin, 'Do you mind children?' She laughed at me. 'There are eight of our own here,' she said, 'and if you can stand ours, we can stand yours.' We moved in. I never had such good friends in my life. You know how good friends we were? Sometimes I swatted her kids and sometimes she swatted mine, just as if we were all one family."

Every now and then the Jewish woman would get up to leave. But al-

ways she sat down again. For new arrivals kept coming in, and she knew them all. The Driscolls, the Glynnns, the Flahertys, the Donovans. Every one of them wanted a word with Sadie.

Now, this story is absolutely true, except for my changing the names. It set me to thinking. I didn't belong to the neighborhood in which those people had lived, but mine was not far distant from theirs and not at all unlike it. There were Catholics of Irish blood in it, people of Italian, Swedish, and English blood. And plenty of Jews. We had no closer nor kinder friends than one Jewish family. We went in and out of their house as if it were our own.

I hope this doesn't sound like *The Cohens and the Kellys* or *Abie's Irish Rose*, because it was nothing of the sort. For one thing, the people weren't caricatures, and their lives and relationships weren't in the least like something from the funny-paper realm. We knew that the Jews were Jews; the Jews knew that we were Catholics. Everyone was aware of the differences between the two. But there was no social schism, segregation, nor bitterness. We got along. There were quarrels and fights among the children, of course. In these, "Jew" and "Mick" might be used as epithets. But there was no anti-Semitism. I doubt that any of us, even the Jews, would have known what the word meant, had we heard it. Nor was the disease there without the label. We were a community without any distinction of members.

There is plenty of anti-Semitism ev-

everywhere. There are Catholics, as well as Protestants, unbelievers, atheists, and others, who are anti-Semitic. But an attempt is being made to represent anti-Semitism as part and parcel of Catholicism, to trace all anti-Semitism to Catholics, as if this heresy were somehow Catholic doctrine.

Never have I met better Catholics than those in my neighborhood and that in which Sadie once lived. Never have I met Catholics more docile to the authority of the Church and more faithful to her teachings. And there wasn't (and isn't) a trace of anti-Semitism in their thoughts or actions.

They are living refutations of the lies that some people, no true friends of the Jews, are busily propagating.

There is always a temptation to oversimplify a vexing problem, to devise an explanation which does not explain. There is always a tendency to decide arbitrarily on a scapegoat and shunt all responsibility onto him. Hitler has used both these tricks. But truth is sacrificed, justice violated, searing hatred is enkindled by this method. The original problem is not solved; it is made worse. And a new problem is brought into being. The answer to one evil is not another evil.



### Christmas Was Christian

Whatever else may or may not be said for Dickens, he did the world a great disservice in foisting off upon a gullible public a picture of Christmas that is entirely unchristian. He is responsible for the many stage coaches and "Ye Old Yule Logs" on Christmas cards. Of course his illustrators, Rockham, Fogarty, Smith, et al, may have been partly responsible, but Dickens himself must bear the brunt of the blame. He wrote the descriptions. And no one can deny that he confined himself, in those descriptions, almost exclusively to scenes that were almost pagan in their forgetfulness of the spirit of Christmas. He has, however, had a host of followers.

Yet it was not ever thus. Time was when Christmas was a Christian feast, full of the memory of a star and the love of a Child. So deeply ingrained in the hearts of all Christian men was the love for Christmas that our friends the Puritans banned the theater before they banned Christmas. It is doubtful if the urge to love the birthday of Christ was ever completely eradicated.

After all, there was no great hope of getting rid of such a well-rooted idea by means so crude as mere legislation. The method used by Dickens and continued by moderns is far more effective. There is little hope of making a cave and a manger fit into an old English stagecoach picture.

Anyone who tried today to get the Gospel story by looking at "yuletide" posters would easily get the impression that Christ was born at a hostelry on the post road between London and Bath.

James H. Dunn, O.R.S.A., in *Tolle Lege* (Dec. '43).

# Ku Klux Klan

By DIXON WECTER

Condensed from a book\*

As first conceived, the Ku Klux Klan was a Confederate soldiers' enterprise. Some half-dozen young veterans of Pulaski, Tenn., lacking capital for a start in business or farming, uprooted from workaday habits, sought to beguile the boredom of a small Southern town. In May, 1866, meeting in a lawyer's office, they hit upon the idea of a club. Taking its name from the Greek word for circle, *kuklos*, they added *klan* to alliterate. If they had called themselves the "Jolly Jokers" or the "Adelphi," as someone suggested, their future course would have been very different. As it was, they began to live up to mumbo jumbo.

Without a war, at this stage of life most of them would have been hazing freshmen or initiating each other into lodges. Instead, they commenced to meet in a deserted house on a hilltop, above a grove of trees stripped and twisted by a cyclone. Secrecy was the grand object. One of their band, a "licitor," stood guard in robe and mask at the gate leading off the public road, while the conclave met. If a wayfarer asked who he was, the answer came, "A spirit from the other world. I was killed at Chickamauga." Seeing the instant effect upon the Negroes, the brotherhood began to stress this note. Their robe became a "shroud," and,

riding at night, the favorite trick of calling upon terrified Negroes for a bucket of water, then pouring the contents at one gulp into a funnel and bag concealed beneath the shroud, went with the disclosure that the drinker was a Confederate soldier just come from hell and very thirsty. Soon the Klan came to be described as a kind of ghost of the Confederate Army.

For the first ten months the Klan existed mainly as a frolic. But after the Reconstruction Acts were passed in March, 1867, and colored supremacy threatened the South, it awoke to serious purpose. By means of handbills strewn upon sidewalks and plastered upon the backs of hogs and cows running loose in the streets of Pulaski, notice was given of a monster parade to be held on the night of July 4. In long robes and horned masks, with no noise but signal whistles, they marched for two hours through the town, in maneuvers which (with familiar army strategy) converted a few hundred men into seeming thousands.

Thereafter, by night riding and visitations, by whippings and threats against Negroes and carpetbaggers, the Klan marshaled the strategy of terror. Soon, like all such "invisible empires" with an unknown and hence irresponsible membership, it got out of

\*When Johnny Comes Marching Home. 1944. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Cambridge, Mass.

hand. Any coward who hated his neighbor needed only a length of calico or bedsheet, blacksnake whip or pistol, to wreak revenge in its shadow. In March, 1869, the grand wizard, Confederate cavalry leader Nathan Bedford Forrest, who once estimated its members at 550,000, ordered its dissolution. The Klan, or its imitators, did not down for several years, degenerating all the while. Some soldiers no doubt shared the feeling voiced years later by a Georgian, John C. Reed, "I shall always remember with pride my service in the famous 8th Georgia Volunteers. But I am prouder of my career in the Ku Klux Klan." Others came to agree with the words of Robert Shand, of South Carolina, in 1871: "To be prosecutor, judge, jury, and sheriff is a fearful sin—a sin legally and morally and a sin in His eyes to whom belongeth vengeance. We may have no justice but it is better to suffer and wait. A bad government is better than no government at all. Injustice is better than anarchy." The South's greatest soldier, Robert E. Lee, seeking among the hills of Lexington to set youth an example, had taken no part in the Klan.

[The interim between such dissolution and the end of the first World War, while it bred many absurd intolerances, failed to revive the Klan nationally. But with the end of the war, the stage was set and the characters at hand.]

War had imposed an excessive like-mindedness. Conformity in all things was the essence of patriotism. During

the conflict, citizens in small towns who had not bought Liberty Bonds sometimes found themselves hauled before "kangaroo courts" or had their front doors painted yellow. If they bore German names, they were made to kiss the flag and shout, "To hell with the Kaiser," sometimes were run out of town. A major irony of those days was that socialists were sent to jail for saying things about the war which later became good Republican doctrine expressed by Harding, and basic assumptions to our "revisionist" historians. "America is the land of liberty," a wag observed at the time, "liberty to keep in step." The puerilities of patriotism, from the banning of German music to rechristening of dachshunds, were practiced as never before nor since. Such acts were inspired by unfamiliarity in fighting our first war against a power whose nationals lived among us in great numbers; also, no doubt, by the vogue for atrocity stories, which to the average American had taken the place of clear war aims. Such forcible Americanism, perilously like the castor-oil treatment being perfected in Italy, reigned for two or three years after the armistice. Those from whom no logic could have extorted conformity to the dominant group, the Ethiop who could not change his skin, the immigrant who missed the *Mayflower*, the Jew whose blood and culture were not Anglo-Saxon, began to feel the chill of discrimination in the air.

Certain soldiers, of course, returned from overseas more tolerant. "We have



about every nationality you can think of in my company," wrote Private Charles Minder of the 77th Division, noting in his diary that he had just cut the hair of a Jewish buddy. "Living and suffering with these fellows has done more for me to get rid of race prejudice than anything else could have done. We are all one common herd." Actions spoke louder than pedigrees in the trenches. "The bluest blood in the veins of the civilian Brahmin," wrote a sergeant at Le Mans, "is not half so blue as the blood in the veins of the humblest Wop, Dago, or Nigger in the A.E.F. who has seen hard service at the Front."

Distrust of the outlander is always a spirit easy to call from the vasty deep of man's primitive nature, and hard to exorcize. At home, the first racial victim was the Negro, the eternally tragic stranger in our household. His exodus to war industries in the North led to collisions in East St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit; his migration in uniform from the North to Southern areas like Camp Logan bred double trouble. From zoning ordinances to Jim Crow laws, his wandering path stumbled upon one land mine after another. As a soldier in France he had been conscious of fewer racial barriers than ever before. The colored doughboy who had said, "Just wait till us Angry-Saxons gets over," voiced in comic words the black man's almost pathetic eagerness to merge his identity in the Great Crusade. Early in 1919 the principal of Tuskegee, Robert R. Moton, stood beside a South Caro-

lina colonel in a cemetery where 50 Negro soldiers were buried. The Southern officer bared his head and said quietly, "These men gave their lives, all they had, for humanity, and I believe that America is going to accord them, those who go back, a fuller measure of citizenship than they have ever before received." The Negro's right to a better chance seemed at that moment demonstrably plain.

The Army had taught the black soldier never to say *Sir* except to officers. When he went home to the South and tried this kind of talk, white folks got mad. He knew they were watching him narrowly, expecting trouble. White citizens in one town thought that local Negroes were drilling at night, preparing for insurrection (to make the South "another Russia," as Congressman James F. Byrnes expressed it on Aug. 25, 1919, calling upon Congress to invoke the Espionage Act in the South). In this particular incident, Negro maneuvers turned out to be a big initiation ceremony under the stars. But a sense of frustration did remain. Congressman Byrnes in his speech had quoted a Negro officer of the 367th Infantry as saying, "No intelligent American Negro is willing to lay down his life for the U.S. as it now exists." Such statements were regarded as inflammatory; running through this discontent, many southern whites saw a sinister checkered pattern of Red and Black. New York's Lusk Committee saw the design as Black and Brown, noting attempts of a Japanese-sponsored group called the International

League of the Darker Races to engulf the Negro in its propaganda.

"Seen many buddies back from war. Can't be satisfied. Some boys say ruther be shot than go to war again. Some boys say they learned heap 'bout world in war, ain't so bad, Lawd, ain't so bad. Some buddies mighty bitter. Say country don't treat 'em right over fightin' in Army. Say don't see why should fight fer Uncle Sam, if Uncle Sam always abusin' 'em." So spoke Howard Odum's black Ulysses, home from the wars with a fading rainbow 'round his shoulder. Storm clouds lowered.

In July, 1919, came the thunder. In Washington, alleging that uppity Negroes had insulted white women, white soldiers and sailors raided Negro quarters—just as their forbears had done back in the summer of '65. Four were killed, 70 wounded. Chicago took up the cry, with race riots and bloodshed. In this same month New York City reported trouble, which died down to flare again in September. In August, the Department of Justice announced that Soviet Russia was to blame for the ferments. The sultry dog days of September—which witnessed the Boston police strike and the nationwide steel strike—added their impetus. Troops fought race rioters in Knoxville; in Omaha a mob stormed the new County Building, set it ablaze, and savagely lynched the Negro whom they sought. By the end of the year a bumper harvest of 83 lynchings marked the most tragic era in race relations for a generation—an annual count that almost doubled the prewar average for

that decade. Such mobs brought their full measure of bitter ironies. The writer of these pages, then a college freshman in Waco, Texas, on the forenoon of May 26, 1922, went with a sociology class to visit the distant hilltop campus of Paul Quinn Negro Normal to hear some discussions of the postwar spirit of interracial tolerance. After fine accord between colored and white, and hospitality offered by custodians of the Negro college, the writer and his classmates at Baylor University set out for their own campus. On the way home they ran into a mob boiling through the streets of Waco, which with short dispatch broke open the county jail, removed a Negro suspected of murder, shot and burned him on the courthouse square, and dragged the charred cadaver behind an automobile the length of Austin Ave. A few weeks later the true culprit was caught, and hanged by due process of law.

The rise of vigilante groups, under the excitement and sadism of postwar days, could have been foretold from history. A progressive degeneration of regulator rule in America, since the Six Hundred of Confederation days and the original Klan of General Forrest, now cast the mantle upon the gaunt shoulders of William J. Simmons. A thin-lipped, bespectacled Fundamentalist, devotee of Bryan, he had formerly made his living as an itinerant preacher. Because he had served as private in an Alabama regiment in the Spanish-American War he claimed the title Colonel. From boyhood he had listened eagerly to the tales of old

Klansmen. As a wanderer through the Southern backwoods he had also been infected by the hookworm of pandemic prejudice—against “Niggers, Jews, Red Necks, and ‘them furriners.’” In 1915, the year when millions of Americans were stirred by D. W. Griffith’s cinema, *The Birth of a Nation*, Colonel Simmons had seen a vision in the sky. In the clouds he had watched a host of white-clad warriors sweeping across the firmament.

That autumn he gathered a group of friends, including three old Klansmen, to light a fiery cross on top of Stone mountain and swear allegiance to a new Klan. Simmons became its grand wizard. During the war, remaining a purely local enterprise in Georgia and Alabama, the Klan smoked out slackers, enemy aliens, labor agitators, small-town harlots. In 1919 its only *geste* to attract national attention was the burning in May of five Negro churches in one Georgia community. But in 1920 it fell under the sway of two professional promoters, Edward Y. Clark and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, whose work for the Anti-Saloon League had come to an end. Recent lessons in propaganda had taught them much about tilling the submarginal mind. They now decided to sell organized hatred to the country. Within two years they would claim more than a million Klansmen, and by 1925 hint at 4 or 5 million, overflowing widely beyond the South. Late in 1922 the grand wizard resigned his robes to a dentist, Hiram Wesley Evans, with superior organizing skill.

The Klan appealed to certain types of demobilized soldier. The boy who had “missed the fun” overseas, and (unable to work off all his energy in beating the parlor carpet or tinkering with the flivver) found himself still spoiling for a fight, as well as the far-traveled hillbilly home to his potato patch—wherever men had had a taste, not a surfeit, of excitement, drilling, and the self-importance of a “cause,” there the Klan found fertile soil. Small-town boredom had spawned the first Klan among young veterans at Pulaski. Now, even in the absence of widespread political misrule, it promoted the second. To parade down Main Street by torchlight in the robes of kleagles and goblins seemed a glorious thing. Americanism was stressed, especially the kind that meant putting fear into other people. To enforce “law and order” by anonymous threats, kidnappings, tar and feathers, blacksnake whip, and branding iron satisfied a darker compulsion in the blood than boyish rigmarole.

Most Klansmen were followers of Vardaman, Tom Watson, Bryan. They aligned village against city, provincialism against “internationalism”—represented by the unassimilable Negro, the wandering Jew, and the long ecclesiastical arm of Rome. They stood for the old native whites who, aware of their falling birth rate, were anxious to see the country ruled “by the sort of people who settled it.” All outside the Klan they called “aliens.” Union labor leaders were all “foreign agitators”; bankers and bolsheviks alike

were "Jews." Some of them said the war had shown the failure of our melting pot. In their make-up, and their prime doctrine that "the white man's blood is a royal blood," they resembled other minorities, uniformed in shirts rather than nightshirts, rehearsing for violence beside the Tiber and the Elbe. The Klan trimmed its appeal to the locale. In Houston, Texas, remembering the Camp Logan riots, it played on the theme of the returned Negro soldier. Invading territory new to the Klan—Oregon, for example—it carried the seeds of religious hate for every wind to scatter. In most places it championed prohibition and denounced the League and the World Court; hunted bolsheviks; regarded birth control and union labor with equal suspicion; and flogged a few women taken in adultery.

A sociologist who investigated the Klan in President Harding's own Marion county was told by the local organizer, a somber farmer who plowed his 60 acres and brooded about Jewish control of the movies and Catholic control of the press, that at Catholic funerals of World War soldiers, the Stars and Stripes were always pulled off the coffin at the church door. "The Legionnaires durst not bear the flag into the church." The Legion, as nonpartisan, was unable to fight these subversions of Americanism as freely as did the Klan, he said. In many com-

munities, chiefly in southern and western states, this investigator found that the Klan outgrew the Legion in the early 20's by three to one, sometimes ten to one. In specimen group studies of 1,000 Klansmen, half had lately been mustered out of the Army or Navy. Told that their country was still in peril, they had taken the oath and equipped themselves with automatic pistols. To divide the blame between veteran and civilian Klansmen is impossible, since secrecy masked all. At any rate, from four Klan killings in 1920-21 to the gruesome Mer Rouge murders in the spring of 1923, much blood flowed.

Many veterans in the South and West fought the Klan with a moral courage equal to that required in charging a machine-gun nest. Others, who had joined, grew sick of the cowardice of mob rule, became fed up with its hocus-pocus, or shamed by the ridicule which Americans everywhere began to shower upon the night riders. Within four or five years after its national spread, dishonesty at the top and disaffection at the bottom had left the Klan a shadow without substance. Yet, true to its spectral guise, the Klan would linger on like a ghost, reappearing wherever men cherished hatred between races, unlikely to quit the native scene till the first cockcrow of a dawning brotherhood between Americans of every creed and color.

Sometimes a man thinks he has a clear conscience when he has only a poor memory.

Quoted in *Liberty* (19 Feb. '44).



# King of Fruits

By J. C. GRABOWSKI

Condensed from the *Liguorian*\*

Orchard aristocrat

**The Chinese** have been cultivating the orange since shortly before Christ. Later it jumped its cradle and began a series of moves westward.

From tropical East Asia it was carried to India and thence to Asia Minor, where it was found by Portuguese sailors about 1400. They brought it to Portugal and from there the Moors introduced its cultivation to Spain and Algeria, and for hundreds of years those Mediterranean countries supplied northern Europe.

The orange improved in quality as it migrated from its tropic home. The road to golden glory did not end at Gibraltar. Spaniards initiated its culture in Florida in the year 1579, and about 100 years later the brown-robed Franciscan padres gently planted it in California.

Even from earliest times the orange reigned as king of the international fruit trade, but American ingenuity gave it a higher throne. Though it flourished in the new subtropical clime, growers were not satisfied. They worked hard and long, experimented, called in science, and with typical American enterprise they brought forth the best orange in the world. It was heavier and firmer, with better flavor, and it stayed fresh longer.

Just before the turn of the century, Florida threatened world markets, but

the great freeze of 1895 shattered the hopes of growers. Nature demonstrated too well that weather conditions of the gulf were too treacherous for the then known varieties.

As the Florida supply failed, California produced an even superior fruit. Since then Pacific-coast oranges have supplied 60% of U. S. demand, and sell for the highest prices on the London exchange, against world competitors.

Orange culture in the U. S. today is revolutionary, compared to the Old World way of dropping a seed in the ground and letting nature take its course. Each tree in the better groves is "pedigreed," and is really a combination of two trees. The start is in a nursery.

First the seed of a citrus tree known to have a strong root system is planted. When the little tree is about two years old, a bud is grafted onto it. This bud is taken from a mature "pedigree" parent known for its excellent fruit. After the newly grafted bud flourishes, the original top is cut away, and the graft becomes the fruit-bearing top. It is then carefully pruned and trained into a well-formed tree. A year later it is ready for the orchard.

The grower must then patiently nurture the sapling for six years before he can take his first commercial crop. It

\*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. October, 1944.

is ten years before the tree bears a full crop. The expense of growing oranges is so great that unless each tree is made to bear well, it must be cut down and replaced.

At no time can a grower relax his vigilance. From the day the tree is placed until it is cut down, meticulous care is required. The orange is rightfully called the most pampered and guarded fruit tree grown.

It is extremely exacting in its cultivation, fertilization, and moisture demands. The slightest variance in any of these has great effect on production. In arid regions orchards must be carefully irrigated, in many cases the water being brought long distances by pipe and flume. This single phase is so critical that some growers have their soil tested to determine when irrigation is needed.

Oranges raised in arid sections are usually better than those of a humid climate. They are superior in density and flavor, and have higher sugar and citric-acid content. The common conception that oranges grown in humid zones are sweeter is not due to a lesser citric-acid content.

Besides keeping the proper amount of food, air, and water in the soil, the grower must battle insects and disease. Through the U. S. Department of Agriculture and grower associations, orange producers have waged a remarkable battle against pests, something undreamed of in the Old World.

This warfare is conducted with the latest machines and equipment. Methods of control depend upon the pest.

Some are effected by dusting with dry chemicals, or spraying with refined petroleum oils. But some will respond only to fumigation with gases under a special tent-like covering.

In spite of this, some pests still resist each treatment. To eradicate them, explorers are sent to the tropics to import insects otherwise harmless but natural enemies of the pest. Thus the harmless ladybird beetle was imported to destroy a ruinous scale in the California groves.

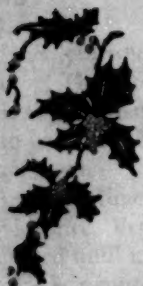
Pest control is not the only problem. The grower must also guard against frost. This danger lies both in degree and duration. A light frost may injure fruit and leaves only after several hours, while a heavy attack will kill both fruit and tree in a brief period. The older the tree, the better it can stand cold. However, in the great Florida freeze of 1895, when the temperature dropped to 14°, even the oldest trees, some of which were over 50 years old, were killed.

Government frost warnings and automatic devices notify the grower when the temperature is dangerously low. He must then light his orchard heaters. The old term *smudging* receives its name from the smoke of the petroleum fuel. The new heaters are smokeless. Should a grove be exposed to low temperatures, its crop is X-rayed by the better packing associations so that all damaged fruit is eliminated from shipment.

The skin of the orange is a germ-proof package sealed tightly by nature. Unfortunately, it is very fragile. The



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"We, myself and fellow members of a B-24 Liberator bomber group in Italy, particularly want to congratulate you on the reprinting of the story *A Short Wait Between Trains* in the September issue of the DIGEST. Would that God could give some element in America the power to put before the population's eyes the problems our own country has to suffer. Racial prejudice is only one of them."

J. A. (Written in Italy.)

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## Record

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slightest bruise, cut, or even scratch breaks the seal.

To insure as little decay as possible, each orange is individually clipped with gloved hands, and placed in a canvas picking sack which allows unloading without injury; the golden harvest is then taken to the packing house in specially constructed field boxes. Samples from each grove are tested for sugar content to indicate accurately just when the oranges are ripe. The picked fruit is allowed to stand a few days so that some of the moisture will evaporate from the skin. Then the fruit is thoroughly washed with warm water and soft brush, rinsed in clear cold water, and dried with air. Here again the fruit is handled with gloved hands as it is wrapped in tissue and packed.

Before the consumer gets the fruit, it usually is transported over great distances in special cars. These have to be cooled in summer and heated in winter to prevent spoilage. Oranges are not placed in cold storage, but are shipped immediately after packing.

Florida produces fruit from October to June, and since the great freeze, has developed five principal varieties. The early varieties are Hamlin and Parson Brown; midseason, Pineapple and Homosassa; and from March to June, the Valencia.

Only two varieties are grown commercially in California, the Washington Navel and the Valencia, but these enable California to produce oranges every day the year round. The shipping season for the Navel is from No-

vember to May, and for the Valencia from April to November.

Besides California and Florida, the orange is also grown in Texas, Louisiana, Arizona, Alabama, and Mississippi, but production is small.

The orange is indifferent to seasons about blossoms, fruit, and leaves. The normal time for the tree to flower is spring, but it is not extraordinary to see blossoms all the year round. The orange itself requires a year or longer to mature. It consequently creates a delightful rarity in fruit culture, with fragrant blossoms amid golden ripe fruit on the same tree. And the tree is never without leaves; each individual leaf has a vigorous lifetime of from 15 months to four years.

Through the centuries this fruit has attracted wise men and scientists for its health-giving qualities. An ancient Chinese document of 1178 A.D. states: "Oranges have the power to remove fever in the region of the chest, stop coughing and vomiting, and prolong life."

A Jesuit scholar writing in Rome in the mid-17th century relates that though the orange is eaten for pleasure, it has great health values: that it is especially good for any stomach ailment. Thus through the years the goodness of the orange was gradually unfolded.

There is much ado about vitamin tablets these days. The orange is a virtual storehouse of vitamins and many other aids to physical well-being. Here is a scientific analysis: one eight-ounce glass of orange juice (of a good, rich,

deep color) to which has been added the juice of half a lemon, is equal in vitamin C to the following: two eight-ounce glasses of tomato juice, five average-sized bananas, 18 average-sized apples, or seven and a half cups of home-cooked spinach.

The orange is also considered a good source of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, and niacin, and calcium, phosphorus, iron, fruit acids, and sugars. Because of its high content of vitamin C, the anti-scorbutic vitamin, the orange has long been used in prevention of scurvy.

Medical science has now learned the importance of vitamin C in healing wounds, another good reason for keeping fighting men well supplied with this important vitamin. In 1943 the

government ordered all growers to set aside 20% of their shipments for the armed forces; it also purchased 3,800,000 gallons of concentrated orange juice. The orange was the first native fruit placed under price control.

The orange has received popular acclaim at home as well. During the last 20 years, the per-capita consumption of oranges has risen 84%, compared to 16% for all other fresh fruits and vegetables. The citrus industry as a whole has a prominent place in the country; Florida's early orange crops total over \$58 million, and California's run close to \$100 million. One of the larger co-operatives, as well as one of the oldest, is composed of 14,000 citrus growers on the Pacific coast.



## Flights of Fancy

Big as a church debt.—*George Ade.*

A personality like a hangnail.—*J. L. Rosenstein.*

Barney's answer was to yank me to his feet.—*Maxine Curtis.*

Nothing crushes laurels more quickly than resting on them.—*Gary Post-Tribune.*

A person may hang himself if given enough rope; but give him too much and he may hang you.—*Richard Pawlewicz.*

Eyelids too tired to sit up straight.—*Ellery Queen.*

A voice like a brook running honey.—*Christine Tapley.*

Prayer is man's strength and God's weakness.—*Fulton J. Sheen.*

Modern youngster, counting: Eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king.—*Eddie Forester.*

The light stole over the table to finger the flowers in the bowl.—*Dorothy Macardle.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



# 4 Horsemen and 7 Mules

By ADAM WALSH

Condensed from *True\**

The line had a line

Twenty years have gone galloping by, even as the Four Horsemen used to gallop in 1924, and I still think of my old team as one of the greatest. I'm not arguing whether we could have whipped any other great Notre Dame team, or the great teams of many other universities. It is simply that, as captain, I believe I know what made that football machine tick. I know that the team is still remembered by thousands of fans who saw us play, and by thousands who rooted from afar.

What made it tick was, first of all, Knute Rockne, probably the most famous of coaches; to us on the squad, a father as well. What made it tick was the chatter and humor that flowed from a squad kept "loose" and on its toes. What made it tick was a backfield with blinding speed, a great and mobile line, and between the two an all-for-one attitude that few teams attain. What made it tick, finally, was hard work and more hard work; because no boy ever made a Rockne team without sweating for his place.

Surprisingly, it was one of the lightest teams Notre Dame ever had, and probably the lightest that ever won a national championship.

Grantland Rice, dean of the sports writers, had opened one of his stories with the line that dubbed Jim Crowley,

Harry Stuhldreher, Don Miller, and Elmer Layden as The Four Horsemen. A few weeks later, after we had smashed Army and Princeton, two of the greats of that year, an episode of a practice day at South Bend best gave an insight into the spirit and character of the team, and the psychology of Rockne, its ever present twelfth member.

Chicago photographers were coming to get shots of the team members, especially The Four Horsemen. There wasn't any jealousy on the squad, but there were plenty of gagsters. So, at practice time, the entire squad, except the four prize backs, came to the field with silk hats, long overcoats, capes, short overcoats, worn-out trousers, and other odds and ends of clothing over their football regalia, and proceeded to make life miserable for our great ball carriers. At every step someone would hasten to place an old overcoat on the ground for a Horseman to step on or would brush imaginary lint from shoulders as pictures were taken.

Bill Spalding, now athletic director at the University of California at Los Angeles, happened on the field just at this time, and his eyes bulged out. He watched punters kicking in old overcoats. He witnessed horseplay that must have made him think he was at a circus. And then he turned to Rockne

\*1100 W. Broadway, Louisville, 1, Ky., November, 1944.

and said, "Rock, don't tell me this bunch of clowns is your football eleven!" Rock's eyes twinkled and he answered softly, "They're just letting off steam, Bill. Watch!" He blew a whistle.

The coats and hats came off in an instant and we were around Rockne. "We want to show Spalding something," he shot out of the corner of his mouth. And we did! We put on a precision drill that left Bill stunned.

Rockne believed in good comedy. "Show me a man without a sense of humor," he'd say, "and ten to one he's not a football star." He let us do as we wished, so long as it did not interfere with the team.

On that day The Seven Mules came into being, to go with The Four Horsemen. I happened to coin it, carelessly and without thought. It remained for a South Bend cub reporter, whose name I've forgotten but who deserves my thanks, to make it stick.

A photographer who was late hustled up to me as I was passing a football around and exclaimed, "Are you one of The Four Horsemen?" I grinned and said, "Hell, no! I'm just one of the seven mules who do the work!" The photographer hurried on, not interested in me, but the cub happened to overhear it and included it in a story to a Chicago paper. It eventually went on to become a standard nickname for that Notre Dame line.

As games went on and The Four Horsemen ran wildly through the opposition and the headlines, there might have been a tendency to laziness. None

of them was fatheaded in any real sense, but they were famous overnight, and sometimes they loafed a little. Rockne took cognizance of the fact, but he bided his time until we met Georgia Tech. Then, suddenly, he substituted for the whole line and sent an inferior, if fighting one, into the field. He left The Four Horsemen in.

The line tried nobly, but The Horsemen suddenly found themselves being stopped in their tracks, being tackled before they could get under way, being made to appear very inept by the Tech forward column which was bowling through. Rockne let them take it to the half, until they came from the field looking very sheepish.

Then Rock let out. "Maybe," he exclaimed, "you should have shown them your clippings? Tech didn't seem to know you were The Four Horsemen. It looks as though there are more than four men on a football team, after all." And because they were the kind of backs they really were, Rock never again had to touch them up about working as hard as the next fellow.

As we roared on, the competition became tougher and tougher, but somehow we always had more than enough to pull out. Georgia Tech actually was slammed 34 to 3, and Wisconsin, which held us early, bowed out 38 to 3, and Nebraska, always a mean customer for Notre Dame, 34 to 6.

Passing is sometimes thought to be of this era, but Crowley, new Boston professional team coach when he comes back from the Navy, could throw them long or short and right on

the spot. He didn't have to do all the operating through the air. We had more than one passer. We had two great ones. Stuhldreher, while not a long passer, had a dead eye up to 20 yards and could fling them while on the run, drawing the opposition out of position as it sought to check what started, seemingly, as a swing around an end.

To me, bar none, Elmer Layden, now the commissioner of professional football, for all his slight build for a fullback, was tops. He could always make a few yards when needed and continually kept opponents fearful. It was Layden who shattered the center of the Army line that had been led to believe we had no game down the middle, that we were all passes and speed.

And Don Miller was the other rocket who could leave them reeling in his wake, as could Crowley when he wasn't passing. Over all was Stuhldreher, the brains.

Across the line we had Chuck Collins at left end, 176; Joe Bach at left tackle, 184; Johnny Weible at left guard, 172; myself at center, the heaviest man on the team, 188; Noble Kizer, a watch charm, at right guard, 169; Rip Miller at right tackle, 184; Ed Hunsinger at right end, 173. Considering that Miller, in the backfield, weighed only 164, Stuhldreher only 154, and Layden and Crowley 161 each, it seemed we were too small to be a great team. Miller, in fact, had been so small when he reported he was almost turned down for a uniform. But it was the old Rockne belief that brains and speed

and rhythm made top football elevens, not beef. His motto was: You can always outflank and outmaneuver beef.

And, of course, we had Rockne. As the season wore on, he sat up later and later nights trying to puzzle out not more plays, not more football, but something to tell us on the next Saturday that would strike the right note to bring us to the necessary peak.

Perhaps our ability to talk and to joke under any circumstances is best exemplified by an episode in the final game against Stanford in the Rose Bowl, which we won by 27 to 10 to become the national champions. A safety man for the Palo Alto Indians named Solomon was playing against us when Layden got off a soaring punt that whistled through the air and into Solomon's arms and out again. We got down the field fast, three of us slightly ahead of the others. The first didn't try to grab the ball and neither did the second. We both knew it was a sure touchdown if Solomon could be eliminated, and that was the type of team play Rockne had taught us. So the yell went back to Hunsinger, who was trailing, "Grab the ball, Huns, and we'll take care of Solomon!"

Solomon was game and he needed a lot of taking care of. First one of us hit him, but he was full of bounce, rolled with the block and came to his feet again, intent on beating Hunsinger to the ball or at least stopping a run. Then the second man smacked Solomon again and down he went, this time long enough for Hunsinger to snatch the bounding leather and start

scooting. Hunsinger raced on to the touchdown.

The second climax came when Crowley arrived on the scene and stood over Solomon, who was still lying on the ground, pounding the earth in anger at the calamity that had overtaken him. "Am I rotten?" he kept asking himself. "Am I lousy? Knocked down twice! It's all my fault! Dropped the ball. Am I terrible? Do I smell?"

Finally, Crowley, looking down, drawled, "Why don't you get up, Solomon? Nobody's disputing you!"

We won the game but it wasn't a picnic, despite the score. We were leading when Stanford put on a tremendous surge and gradually drove us back and back into the shadow of our posts. With two downs left the Indians were on our two-yard line and we were tired and digging in desperately, hoping for instructions from Rockne, some tip that would tell us what to expect, how to break up the attack. A feeling of hope ran through us as a substitute raced from the bench.

In those days a substitute could not communicate until the next play, so we hauled ourselves together and stopped the next Nevers lunge on the one-yard line and then gathered around the sub. "What," we all gasped, "What did Rockne say?" Maybe the sub was a dramatist or just nervous. He paused, seemed to think deeply, and then announced, "Rock said to hold 'em!" Dumbfounded at first, the laugh in it finally hit us. We tore back and held 'em. Layden kicked the ball far out of danger.

Typical of Crowley's wit again, which sometimes even scared Rockne, was an incident after the Princeton game. We had been taken to the Ziegfeld Follies, where Will Rogers, an old friend of Rockne's, had lassoed him from the stage and hauled him up before the footlights. We'd enjoyed ourselves thoroughly; nobody could top Rogers for wit. Yet Crowley did almost as well extemporaneously.

After the show, we were piled into a special bus and started back to the hotel, Rockne following with some dignitaries in a cab. In Times Square the bus somehow got crossways of traffic and halted. In the tangle Crowley felt his moment had arrived. He arose and began addressing the passing throng on the candidacy of Andy Gump for president on the "pro-highbition" ticket. So sharp was Crowley's wit that he soon had more traffic blocked. One block back Rockne was worried sick that something had happened to his precious squad.

Finally he got out and hurried through the mob, with the dignitaries in tow. And there he stood, unknown to Crowley, grinning happily to himself when he learned nothing had happened to us except that Crowley was making a speech.

Crowley could make Rock laugh and the coach encouraged him. He felt that Jim was a relief valve for the team, as was little Noble Kizer, the Scotch-Presbyterian who played next to me at guard.

Kizer pulled a classic that helped us out of a hole and loosened us up when



we played on Soldiers' Field in Chicago for the first time. It was the Northwestern game, and a bitter one. For days it had rained and snowed, but hay had been piled on the gridiron and, just before the game, raked off and piled at the side of the field in stacks. The playing surface was still muddy, however, and we got away to a slow start, with the backs gaining little ground.

In a time out, some fan cupped his hands and boomed from the stands, "What's the matter with The Four Horsemen today?"

Kizer turned, grinned and pointed his finger toward out of bounds. "Too much hay on the side!" he bellowed.

Another item that made our 1924 team a great one was the fact that it had been built up the hard way. In our freshman year most of us played against a great Notre Dame team, day after day, and from then on the toughest teams we faced seemed less formidable. From that hard-hitting varsity, one of the first great South Bend teams, we learned how to take care of ourselves.

Rockne never let us become aware of any greatness. He could ridicule at the proper moment and strike us to the quick with the sharp retort. He used different ways at times. One was his Scotch dance without bagpipes. It might be Collins or Hunsinger or myself he picked on, any member of the squad. But, after a play in practice scrimmage, the one at fault knew that it was coming when Rock, putting one finger on his head and a hand on his

hip, would dance up and down in a Highland fling, chanting, "Chuck, he missed a block again! Chuck, he missed a block again! Little Chucky Collins missed a block again!" And then, in another instant, he'd be roaring at Collins and telling him what he had done wrong. Usually it left a player ready to crush a herd of elephants single-handed and his blocks became truer and harder. That team was drilled to fractions of seconds in timing.

The timing led to a national uproar when legislation against the shift, legislation which Rockne felt was deliberately aimed at Notre Dame, was put in the books. One suggestion had been for officials to count six between the time the team came to a stop and started its forward move again. "Six? Six?" Rockne raved. "I've played golf with some of those officials and they can't count up to six!"

Rockne believed in a thinking, fast-moving team and thought the protests against the shift were merely from losing coaches. He kept us on our toes by shooting questions at the most unexpected moments, such as the one he flung at "Darby" Sharer, a back who had traveled 12,000 miles without seeing much more than 15 minutes of action. Rockne suddenly began spouting in a group one day, "It's fourth down, three yards to go. The score is three to nothing against us. We're on their three-yard line and there's only a minute left to play. What would you do?" and his finger shot out at Sharer.

Darby never batted an eye. "I'd just move down on the bench, coach, where

I could get a better look!" he replied.

Rockne, too, knew that a football fan was a quarterback and that tongues would wag on Monday morning if Notre Dame hadn't done as expected. After one tight tussle, Rock walked into his favorite barbershop in South Bend and was greeted by a sudden silence, indicative that football had been the topic. Rock beamed. "Good morning!" he cried. "How are all of us coaches this morning?"

There were many deflationary periods for all of us, though The Horsemen had to take most of the jibes. Kizer and I had an effective little act. Noble would turn to me as I reached down to center the ball and say loudly, "Not yet, Adam. Not yet, please." I would rise with a standard rejoinder, "Why not?" Kizer then would say seriously, "Let me feel the ball just once. Let me see what it looks like. It's the only chance I'll have with these amazing backs running with it all the time!"

Perhaps Army was the toughest, as it usually is, of all the teams we faced in our unbeaten season in 1924. It had Ed Garbisch, its terrific center, Light-horse Harry Wilson, Tiny Hewitt, and Fat Ellinger among others, all college players before going to West Point. And it threw a six-man line at us for the first time. That, however, was where Elmer Layden's great line-bucking as well as Rockne's warning to keep talking, crossed up Army completely.

Continually Stuhldreher would tell Garbisch where the play was coming,

as Ed played the roving-center version of his position. Ed usually wouldn't believe it. When he did, and bobbed in or out of the line, Harry would throw the play another way, as he could by the signal-calling method we used instead of the huddle.

On one of the plays Kizer and Rip Miller happened to team up on Garbisch and sit on him so he couldn't get up. Kizer started asking, "Where's the great Garbisch? Isn't he here today?" Miller caught on at once and replied, "I guess he isn't playing. I haven't seen an All-American all day!" All the time Ed struggled and yelled, "Lemme up, you bums!" Finally Kizer, feigning astonishment, looked down. "Why, Ed Garbisch!" he cried. "What are you doing down there?"

It was lucky we had the game under control. Maybe the boys talked too much that time. Garbisch, in fury, played a tremendous game thereafter.

An effective example of Rockne's insistence that a team keep talking was the work of Chuck Collins against a huge tackle in a game against a Big Ten rival. Collins, much smaller, kept pleading with the giant to take it easy, reminding the tackle of his prodigious strength as compared to Chuck's. He got the tackle so interested in conversation that Stuhldreher suddenly called a play that let Collins sweep the tackle aside and make a hole for a long gain.

Collins kept right on walking after the play. We thought Chuck had been hit on the head and lost his bearings. We yelled, but he waved at us and kept walking. He suddenly stooped down,

picked something from the field, concealed it, and walked back. When he reached the line, he held it out to the big tackle, who had been completely fooled. "Here," he said, "you're not doing so well, big boy. You'd better use this on me." It was a revolver which Chuck had seen the field judge drop.

The spirit of horseplay which kept us on our toes mentally as well as physically found me the butt of one of Crowley's jibes in an important game in which Ernie Quigley, big-league baseball umpire who had just switched to football after handling the World Series of 1924, made what I believed was the wrong ruling, and I was right! But Quigley, after my demands that Notre Dame have the ball at a certain spot, suddenly became so incensed he shouted, "Shut up, or I'll boot you in the seat of your pants!"

Before I could answer, Crowley piped up, "Go ahead and do it, Ref. We've had to look at it so much this year, we'd like to boot it ourselves." I was center.

As late as 1929, five years after our great year, when many of us had been coaching and were in what was only fair shape, we were asked to play as a unit against the professional New York Giants in New York for charity. Rock was on the Pacific coast with the 1929 team and he had me get the club together at South Bend and for a few days in New York. I think the Giants

peeked through knotholes to be sure they knew our defense, which had its basis on an unbalanced line in which I played center with only a tackle and end on my right and the two guards, Hunk Anderson, picked up from the 1921 team, and Noble Kizer, on my left side.

Hunk, the guard farther left, had been assigned to watch a back on the Giants' right who often sneaked into the flat for a pass, but he was to tell us when he was pulling out to cover that back, so Kizer could swing across the gaping hole and I could step in back of Kizer.

Hunk whispered shortly after the game began, "I'm pulling out on this play!" Kizer passed the whisper along. Hunk pulled out. But the Giants, instead of passing, pulled a brilliant cutback and five behemoths flattened us.

A few minutes later Hunk leaned over and said to Noble, "I'm pulling out again on this play!"

Kizer didn't even bother to tell me what Hunk had said. He stood up in the line and announced, "Go ahead. But I'm going to stay *here* alone!" When the play started, Noble pulled right out behind Hunk and faded back where those behemoths couldn't get me. The Giants missed their chance. They didn't call the cutback a second time. If they had, they'd have found a barn door conveniently open.

But that was five years after 1924!

Liberty is one thing you can't have unless you give it to others.

William Allen White in the *Emporia Gazette*.

# Collector of "The Signers"

By FRANCIS HOWARD

Condensed from the *Rosary*\*

Americana

**It is hard** to believe that a boy's first sight of the Declaration of Independence with its 56 signatures should have led to his becoming one of America's most noted autograph collectors, but it happened to Thomas Addis Emmet. The youth, who was the nephew of the great Irish patriot, later on became a world-famous gynecologist in New York City and lived to the age of 90. However, he was just as much a celebrity for his off-time hobby. No collector before him had ever managed to form four complete sets of the signers of the Declaration, and the chances appear slim, indeed, of that feat ever being repeated.

When Emmet was born at Charlottesville, Va., in 1828, Thomas Jefferson had been dead less than two years. Emmet's father, Dr. John Patten Emmet, had reason to remember the Sage of Monticello, for it was he who had originally appointed him to a professorship at the University of Virginia. The son grew up with certain advantages. His grandmother taught him to read, and he had his father's well-stocked library to make the most of. Wandering through the woods and fields, reading when he chose, and having for acquaintances such forthright gentlemen as John Marshall and John Randolph were enough to make any boyhood memorable. Above all, the

son had the devoted companionship of a father who saw to his full-fledged intellectual development.

Young Tom did not finish at the University of Virginia, but moved on to Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, where he was graduated in 1850. His steady rise in his chosen profession is another story. He became surgeon-in-chief of the Woman's hospital in New York City, and during his long years with this institution, leaders of his profession came across the Atlantic to study his methods.

Because his lifetime ambition had been formed when he was 12, the young medico now gave all his leisure to finishing out his first set of signers. Conditions were much more favorable for picking up those signatures then than they are today. For one thing, a spirit of camaraderie prevailed among the hobby's pioneers just as it now does among stamp collectors. "Give and exchange" seemed to be the code. "Thus, when another pioneer, Israel K. Tefft of Savannah, heard that Dr. Thomas Raffles in England had every signer except George Taylor and Thomas Lynch, Jr., he lost no time in sending "extras" of those precious signatures. Dr. Emmet benefited by this state of affairs. Nevertheless, even he often had to pay out good money for what he was after. He once remarked,

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. October, 1944.



"In one way or another I have spent \$25,000 on my set and have not yet gotten it to my satisfaction."

In time, when other enthusiasts saw his completed No. 1 set, they thought the ambitious holographer should have been content. New York Public Library officials thought so, too. In later years, they were only too glad to get it, along with two other of his completed sets, when they heard Dr. Emmet was willing to part with it. Today, the No. 1 is regarded by autograph authorities everywhere as the finest and most interesting collection of the Declaration's signers in existence.

The volume in which they are kept is bound in brown pigskin and is a rare example of the bookmaker's art. Riveted to the front cover is an enameled copper plate embossed with the names of the 13 colonies and mottoes, and decorations typical of the Revolutionary period. On the back cover is a copper plate engraved with the Emmet coat of arms. Each of the noteworthy letters and signatures is inlaid on heavy drawing paper cut to folio size. To complete the effect, Dr. Emmet had water colors of all the signers made, carefully copied from Trumbull's painting, *The Signing of the Declaration*, in the Capitol at Washington.

To an outsider it might appear that the prize of this collection is the copy of the Declaration in Jefferson's own handwriting. Precious that must surely be, since the author made only four or five copies from his rough draft, and most of those are in the Library of Congress. But to a collector, the full-

length letter of the young Charleston signer, Thomas Lynch, Jr. (the only one of its kind in existence), is even more of a rarity. The letter, which is addressed to George Washington, recommends Col. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney as the leader of South Carolina's first patriot regiment, and it concludes with a warm tribute to the great Commander-in-Chief himself. Small wonder that the author's autograph became so valuable when it is recalled that he vanished at sea less than two years after he penned those lines! Today Lynch's signature (like that of Button Gwinnett, who died in 1777 as the result of a duel) is so rare that it brings a small fortune whenever sold.

To give Dr. Emmet due credit, the most remarkable fact is that after rounding out his first set of the signers he should have been able to complete three additional groups. Yet, he accomplished it. Even London autograph authorities came to regard him as the greatest living member of their fraternity. It was conservatively estimated that during his lifetime the American collector had spent no less than \$200,000 in building up his collections. That he acquired a considerable treasure in return seems proved by the fact that it required a booklet of 563 closely printed pages to list the 10,800 documents which formed the Emmet collection that the New York Public Library acquired. Altogether, the tireless medico set off more than 150 books with autographs as "extra illustrations"!

This staunch lover of Americana

reaped high honors while he lived. In 1898 the University of Notre Dame awarded him the Lactare medal. Eight years later, 16 years before his death, there came still higher recognition when he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of Gregory the Great by Pope Pius X.

The Emmet collection remains one of the proudest possessions of the New York Public Library. It seems hardly likely that the good doctor's No. 1 set of signers will ever be broken up, especially when one remembers what he wrote at the mere thought of having to part with it: "In the same spirit that Shakespeare wished his bones might remain at rest, I would ask that these relics of mine may be kept together. I commenced this collection at 12 years of age, and some portion of it

has been my companion through a long life. But there will come a time, in the near future, when we must separate, and dear to me is the wish that the labor of years, collected in all these volumes of historical matter, may not be lost and scattered through the destructive spirit of some new owner. A happy conscience will certainly be the reward for respecting so charitable a request, and in the spirit hereafter, so far as may lie with me, I will invoke it, as I would burden the conscience of the vandal who disregarded my wishes.

"I place my portrait here, as my representative, that it may remain in the years to come a silent pleader, and selfish indeed must be the person who does not respect the appeal. Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D."



### Men May Hate the Good

One of the many things about the Catholic Church that puzzle non-Catholics is the constantly recurring succession of persecutions which seem to stalk its steps.

Not long ago a Protestant clergyman in England, discussing the recent disorders in Spain, and seeing in them a symptom of the world-wide revolt against the Catholic Church, even on the part of members of that Church, declared that the institution capable of arousing such bitter, fierce, and widespread hatred among men must indeed be a very wicked thing.

The principle on which he based this judgment is the unfounded assumption that what men hate must be evil. This would certainly be true if this thing which men hate were also hated by God. But is this the case?

Francis Conway, O.P., in *Dominicana* (Autumn, 1944).

# The Big Little Sisters

Happy second childhood

By WERNER HANNAN

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal*\*

**When Jimmy's** ball glove begins to fray around the edges he may go to the shrine of St. Joseph with his problem. If Jimmy were a Little Sister of the Poor, he would probably get a piece of horsehide and place it in front of St. Joseph's statue. For the Little Sisters have a technique all their own. And never once, in more than 100 years, have they been disappointed.

St. Joseph has been reminded of pressing need in various ways: with the photograph of a horse and of a Dutch cow, a morsel of bread, an old shoe, a sample of cotton fabric. When an empty coal bin threatened, St. Joseph, without benefit of overalls, was relegated to the bin. For a certain feast-day supper, the cook thought the old people might enjoy a piece of cake. A small sliver was placed before the statue of St. Joseph; it was the only piece in the house. That evening, as the old and bent hobbled to the table, each saw a large slice of cake by his plate.

In 1901, the Sisters established temporary quarters in San Francisco. Their greatest need was a new building. One of the Sisters went out, dusted off a brick, and placed it before the statue of St. Joseph. Soon the Sisters were living in a new home that accommodated 250 persons. A benefactor had seen the brick, and translated its message.

Every city that boasts a Sisters' home

knows the familiar begging wagon. Daily it rides through the city streets, drawn by a single horse, and guided by an old man perched on the high driver's seat. The Sisters throw themselves completely on charity. They receive broken food from hotels and restaurants, cast-off clothing from the moderately well-to-do.

Wherever the wagon goes, it is treated with respect; it is known in every section of the city. While the wagon girdles the business district, one of the Sisters makes her rounds in the residential areas. There is no high-pressure sales talk; only a simple request: "Have you anything for God's poor?" As a rule, kindness receives them, though occasionally a note of unpleasantness may creep in.

In Spain, a prominent dentist spent his leisure hours writing violent stories against Religious Orders. Then old age came; and when poverty moved in, his friends moved out. A humiliating disease struck, and the man could not lift a finger to help himself. Day after day, a Little Sister tended him hand and foot, washing his sores, combing his hair, brushing his teeth. One day a thunderous thought struck him: it was a person such as this he had scoffed at. He immediately ordered that all his writings be burned. He died embracing the crucifix.

\*220 37th St., Pittsburgh, 1, Pa. October, 1944.

At present, the Little Sisters take care of 51,000 aged poor in some 300 homes scattered over the five continents. In the 104 years of their existence, over 521,000 old folks have been loved and cared for, then sent to rest in the Lord.

This great tide of Christian love began in France in 1838. Jeanne Jugan and Françoise Aubert had taken a small house together at St. Servan. When they welcomed an aged, blind woman into their company, they little realized the mighty work they were beginning. The following year, Virginie Tredaniel and Marie Jamet pledged their complete support. The Little Sisters of the Poor were born. It was 1840.

From that day to this, the Sisters have lived entirely by alms. Their royal insignia is the begging wagon; their Magna Charta is their deliberate renunciation of any fixed income. Many times the faithful wished to endow the institute, but each time the answer came back, "The Congregation cannot possess any annual subsidy or fixed revenue in perpetual title." Several years after this resolution was taken, a wealthy landowner of Dijon bequeathed a trust fund of 2 million francs to the Little Sisters. Their friends rejoiced. "Accept it," they said, "and you will not have to beg any more." But those who understood the inner spirit of their work merely said, "If you accept it, you are lost. You shall no longer be the Little Sisters of the Poor."

The case was referred to the mother-house. In a letter to all the houses, the

general council explained, "Let us remain poor, trusting in providence, without taking thought of tomorrow." When the vicar general of Dijon heard the decision, he cried out, "Keep that document in your records; it is a title of religious nobility!" This complete reliance on divine providence has enabled the Sisters to open homes all over the world, and to swell their institute to nearly 6,000 members.

Besides the three religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, the Little Sisters of the Poor take a fourth, of hospitality. The plan of their life is unbelievably simple: they must be able to see the evil in themselves, then to root it out; they must be able to see Christ in others, then love them as they would Christ Himself.

The Sisters would have it known that they do not conduct institutions, but rather, homes. For a home connotes father, mother, brothers and sisters. And the Sisters' homes are really homes, except that nature's order is somewhat reversed. In them, the old folks are the children, and the young Sisters who have sacrificed all to lighten their last days are the mothers. Above them is God, the Father of all.

Two conditions are required for admission: the applicant must have passed 60 years and must be destitute. In St. Louis a woman who fulfilled the age requirement was turned down because she had \$1,000. Once these aged poor close the door behind them, a new feeling of security takes hold of them.

In a home for the aged, eternity



seems blissfully near, because its inmates are living their twilight hour. Nothing matters now except the longing for God. Many could look back upon lives of genuine accomplishment, halted at the 11th hour by destitution. But those people live in the future, not in the past. Their thoughts are focused on eternity.

As a chaplain stood near the chapel entrance one day, he saw two old women hobbling along, seemingly supporting each other by their mutual weakness, going, they said, for their "daily hour with Him." To the older woman, the chaplain said, "I know it is bad form even to hint slightly, especially in this age of girlish complexions, that one may be interested in a lady's age. But I imagine that when you hear such expressions as 'before the War and since the War,' your mind instinctively reverts to the Civil War."

"Yes, indeed; I must be 90, but I've forgotten, and what difference does it make? I'm all packed now and ready to go into life everlasting."

Now it was time for Benediction. When the chaplain entered the sacristy, he saw three altar boys. One was 80, another 78, a third, 70. "How long have you been an altar boy?" he asked one. "Two years," he answered, "and isn't it hard to get your tongue around Latin? I always sez *laffi-cat juven-tutem meam*, and he," indicating his senior, "tells me it isn't *lafficat*, it's *slae-tie-fi-cat*, but I'll get it if I keep pounding at it, and anyway it all means, 'To God, who gives joy to my youth.'"

As the little family kneels in silent adoration, another Sister closes the eyes of one newly dead. In the distance she can hear the sanctuary bell, while the little red flame burns endlessly before the Word made Flesh.



### The Pay-off

To avoid this monster of fascism here in America, we must have logic as well as blind fear. The surest way to bring the fascist regime into this country is to let communism become the balance of power in a national election between our two old parties. For then, if it be successful, it will demand the pay-off. Of this, Mr. Earl Browder himself has served full notice in his pamphlet distributed in war plants recently, stating that the issue of the election is whether or not anti-communism shall be allowed to flourish here. When communism starts demanding its pay-off in this country from officials whom it has helped to put in office, then will come logically and inevitably the reaction against communism which might easily prove to be a form of fascism. That is the way it happened in Italy and in Germany.

Upton Close in a radio broadcast (29 Oct. '44).

# Saved by the Savages

By LIEUT. MARION D. TREWHITT, U. S. N.

As told to DON EDDY

Fruit of the seed of martyrdom

Condensed from the *American Magazine*\*

It was already midnight when the huge twin-motored Navy Vega Ventura (PV-1) bomber, the *Mamma Gremlin*, reached its target, an island Japanese bastion in the South Pacific.

Five men composed its crew. They were the pilot, Lieut. Marion D. Trehwitt, 28, of Berkeley, Calif.; the co-pilot and navigator, Lieut. (j.g.) Edward A. Conlon, 21, of Miami, Fla.; the turret gunner, now AOM1/c Carl Schaffer, 20, of Portland, Ore.; the plane's captain or mechanic, now AMM1/c Carl D. Saunders, 19, of Logansport, Ind.; and the radioman, ARM2/c Troy Wilson, 22, of Winters, Texas.

Ramparts of flak stretched up. Their own guns yammered wildly as they thundered in and laid their eggs. Something hit them. The big ship yawed like a wounded bird, and the skipper saw that every instrument on his control panel had been knocked out.

They fluttered determinedly southward, toward their base, the navigator picking an uncertain way by the stars. A fierce storm engulfed them.

Their fuel was gone. They glided down and hit, hard. The bottom ripped out. The fuselage filled with water. They managed to launch a small raft.

In the darkness, someone back inside the plane was shouting, "Troy! Troy!" and after a moment, "God, he's dead!" Troy Wilson had died at his post, crushed between telescoping gas tanks. They couldn't free his body. They scrambled into the raft just as the plane sank, 22 seconds after striking. They were on the raft 16 days and nights, suffering heat, cold, and starvation. This is the rest of their story, told by their skipper:

**We** were pretty well bushed that morning. We didn't even get excited when a Navy search plane came over at about 500 feet. We splashed water and waved our shirts, but he didn't see us.

Finally a current carried us to an island. When you've been bouncing in a raft 16 days, solid ground feels like it was rolling under you. We fell down when we tried to stand up. We rested until some of the swaying subsided, then got onto our knees in a circle, holding one another up. I said a prayer of thanksgiving—it was probably incoherent, but He understood it, I'm sure—and we also recited the Lord's Prayer.

Toward sundown we tugged the raft to the edge of the jungle, propped

\*250 Park Ave., New York City, 17. October, 1944.

one end on a log, and made a lean-to. Crawling around, we found eight coconuts and a fresh-water stream. We ate, drank, and slept, huddled together.

Next morning we were able to totter. We found and ate more coconuts before dividing our force to explore. Big Carl Saunders, who is a strapping six-footer, and Little Carl Schaffer, who barely comes to Saunders' shoulder, went down the beach to fish. Junior (Ed Conlon) stayed to guard the raft. I went up the beach. Before I had walked a mile I spotted the peaked thatched roofs of a native village.

Grasping the .45, I dived into the jungle and wriggled forward to the edge of the clearing. It had been a big town; there were 11 huts. Now they all seemed deserted. When nothing moved, I walked in. Almost at once I saw a Japanese landing barge stranded on the reef about a quarter mile out.

I went back for Ed and we waded to the barge. It had been strafed. But it was loaded with supplies: canned meat, squid, tomatoes, tangerines, cigarettes, matches, soybean flour, medical kits, knapsacks, life jackets, even canned heat. Just the sight of the tin cans made our mouths water. We carried what we could, rounded up the two Carls, and moved our camp into the village, feeling like millionaires.

The two Carls were bubbling with excitement. We all went back to the barge and carried another load ashore, not only food, but the makings of a pretty good arsenal, a Jap officer's sword, three battle flags, two rifles and

ammunition, six hand grenades. We found a machine gun and a 40-mm. cannon, but left them for a later trip. Right then, we craved hot food. We opened cans of heat and cooked a mulligan, putting in everything, including the squid.

Full to bursting, we were lying around thinking how wonderful the world was when Little Carl remarked, "Skipper, did you notice the labels on those cans?" I hadn't, especially, but I rolled over and squinted at them. The tomatoes had been canned in California. The canned heat was American made, with half the label obligingly printed in Japanese. The medical supplies were made by one of the largest American pharmaceutical houses. I'd hate to repeat what we said about that.

We slept like dead men in the hut that night, using the Jap life jackets as pillows. Next morning, after a lazy breakfast of warmed-over stew washed down with coconut milk, we decided to consolidate our position. Schaffer and I made the camp shipshape, while Junior and Big Carl went to the barge for two bags of rice.

We were all inside the hut. I was squatting down, washing the rice. The other three were flat on their backs. Suddenly we heard voices. Before we could move, the doorway darkened. Two Japanese officers stood there.

Saunders yelled, "Japs!" I grabbed the .45 and flipped off the safety. We ran outside, the other three carrying their shoes in one hand, their knives in the other. The Jap officers hadn't lingered, either. They were hightailing

toward 15 or 20 of their men, some 50 yards away, screaming commands. As we dived for the jungle, a ragged volley of shots ripped out.

We bored into the jungle and sprawled in a group, clutching our weapons and trying not to breathe. I know we each had the same thought: we would never be taken alive. Junior said afterward the only thing he could think of was that machine gun we hadn't taken off the barge.

During the next hour the Japs were never more than 20 paces away. We would hear them jabbering, but they wouldn't come in after us. After a long time, they went away. And we crawled deeper into the jungle.

Junior found a trail, which led up from the beach into a clearing. A big hut stood there. Two mongrel dogs sat at a distance, barking. It was evident someone had left there in a hurry. We decided to wait. The two Carls took lookout stations on the trail. Conlon and I stood back to back, watching the walls of jungle.

I guess we had been there an hour, when the silence was shattered by a menacing voice from the hillside. It said, "Get out! Go 'way!"

We refused to budge. Finally the voice said dubiously, "Go trail. Make talk."

Slowly and obviously, I took the pistol out of my belt and laid it on a log. I whispered to Ed, "Take over." He grinned and whispered, "Aye, aye, sir." As I started for the trail he said, "Here. Take this." He handed me his rosary with a little golden cross. "Give

it to him," he said. It had been a farewell present from his mother.

Holding my hands out, palms upward in friendliness, the golden cross sparkling as it dangled from my fingers, I walked along the trail. Before I had taken 100 steps, a clump of low bushes to my right parted and a little black man stood up.

He wore a calico lava-lava, and carried a heavy club. He didn't look overjoyed.

He said at last in his incongruously heavy voice, "Me Kasiano. What name you fella?"

I said, smiling brightly, "Me Dee." That's what the boys call me. "Me Merican. Me fly airplane." I waved my arms like a bird. "Me bomb Jap." I gestured. "Boom! Kill plenty Jap. Need you help?"

He repeated my message uncertainly, "You bomb Jap?"

Gradually, his suspicion abated. He shifted the club to his left hand, holding it a little behind him, and walked toward me with his right hand outstretched. I held out mine, wondering whether he was going to bop me. But he didn't. We shook hands solemnly. I said, "This present for you," and gave him the rosary. He said nothing, but his eyes sparkled with delight. He said, "Come along me." We went back to the hut.

Kasiano was a Melanesian. Not many generations back, his people were cannibals. Some still are head-hunters. But also, thank God, they are our good friends. They are small, sinewy, incredibly strong, physically



clean, and morally decent. Many have been converted to Christianity. Kasiano and his tribe are Catholics. On other parts of the island, many are Methodists.

We waited while Kasiano stalked to the edge of the jungle and roared, "*Llama mé. Llama mé.*"

That seemed to be a rallying call. One by one, other little blacks slipped out of the bush, until there were 10 men, four women, and three children. Pretending not to notice us, they cooked us a dish of boiled taro, which is something like potatoes, and baked green bananas.

Trying to conceal my apprehension, I asked, "Jap come this place?" He shook his head vigorously. "Jap no come along bush," he said positively. This sounded peculiar, but gradually we learned it was true. The Japs, for all their modern weapons, are afraid to venture into the jungle.

I said, "You friend 'Merican? You no friend Jap?" He nodded. Then I asked him the question worrying me most: "What name b'long this island?" When he told me, my heart sank. For I knew we had stumbled into one of the most populous Japanese bases in that area, occupied by thousands of enemy troops.

Kasiano said he had sent word of our arrival to the big chief of the island, who would send an emissary to question us. In the meantime, he gave us beds in the hut.

A strange little black man arrived next morning. He asked our story and inspected us shrewdly. Satisfied at last,

he said importantly, "You go big chief." But first, we must send a note of explanation and introduction. He produced a scrap of paper from a woven bag lopped over his shoulder; every native carries one when he goes visiting. The paper was unmistakably Japanese.

I still had my fountain pen, and I wrote: "This is the crew of an American Navy bomber that crash-landed in the water. We are very weak and need your help." I signed all our names.

The emissary inspected the writing studiously, pretending he could read it. He nodded briskly, said something to our host, and trotted away. From that time we were treated with the utmost deference. Each of us became "Massa." We had passed official inspection. We hit the trail that day. Toward midafternoon we reached a village of four huts, housing some 20 natives. We were led to the bachelors' hut and assigned bunks of split bamboo, round side up. Junior, eyeing his corrugated bed apprehensively, remarked, "I hope they'll fit into last night's creases."

After supper, the chief and his men squatted around us in a semicircle for a palaver. The chief asked what we did. I said, "We fly 'Merican airplane. Bomb Jap. Boom! Kill plenty Jap."

As though each had been given a hotfoot, every man leaped up, screeching and jumping gleefully. Children came running. They, too, screeched and jumped. I felt we were in good hands, and I felt even more certain of it at nightfall, when, as usual, they

gathered around the fire to sing. For in some of their wild, stirring harmonies I could detect strains of old, familiar hymns.

It rained hard in the night, and was still overcast in the morning when Kasiano brought in a small, very black, very diffident little man. Kasiano said formally, "Him Dabid. Him good fella friend 'Merican. Massa go along him." When Kasiano said he was going back home, I tried to thank him but he pretended not to understand. He said casually, "Me friend 'Merican."

David told me about Kasiano as we plodded along the trail. He had been captured by the Japs and forced to work in a native slave battalion on another island. They were given no pay, no medicine, hardly any food, and were beaten with rifle butts when they collapsed. Kasiano escaped, stole a canoe, and paddled for days to get home.

We had hard going. The mud was deep, streams swollen. At each ford, natives went ahead to pick the best footing, then formed lines to help us across. About noon we were met by two stalwart little blacks wearing red sashes and carrying rifles with web belts, bayonets, and cartridge cases. They saluted and came to attention. David explained, "This fella soldier b'long big chief." They were members of the chief's constabulary, sent out as a guard of honor.

Perhaps an hour later we became aware of a subdued excitement among the natives. It was explained when, coming out of a dismal, leafy green

tunnel, we found waiting an exceptionally handsome, well-built native. His hair was short and curly. He wore a conspicuously clean lava-lava. He was smiling cordially; I noticed his teeth were white and there were no telltale crimson betel stains on his mouth. He was young, sinewy, and straight, and about him was an indescribable air of enormous dignity. I knew instinctively who he was, even before David, gesturing, said importantly, "Him big chief."

The chief extended his hands. "Me Levi," he said. "You Dee." He didn't ask. He knew.

Levi took charge at once. He said, "Better Massa come along this side," and turned off into the bush, leading us to a new lean-to before which a pot was simmering. "Massa eat," he said. We sniffed the contents of the pot. It smelled like good old Irish stew. When we expressed our appreciation, Levi seemed delighted as a child. If Levi concocted that dish, he ought to be chef at the Waldorf.

Levi seemed to have all the time in the world, and nothing to do but enjoy it. If there were Japs in the neighborhood, as there must have been, they never bothered Levi. He was the big boss of his jungle, and he knew it. So we idled there quite a while, until, coming forward, he drew a handsome Japanese naval chronometer from his bag, squinted at it knowingly, then glanced at the sun as though to confirm his finding, and announced easily, "Massa go." We resumed the trail.

Winding steadily upward, boring

deeper into a jungled mountain, we came to the main village at dusk. We were assigned a hut with ten native bachelors. They were amiable hosts; they even tried to make us use their razors, sharp-edged shells. We tried, but three weeks of whiskers were too much for them and we gave up. That night the men gave us lava-lavas and laundered our clothes while we were asleep.

One night Big Carl Saunders became desperately ill. I called Levi out of bed and asked whether he had medicine, aspirin or quinine. He said comfortably, "Me fix," and went back to bed. Before daybreak a native appeared, amazingly enough, with a bottle of quinine tablets.

Saunders didn't get well fast enough to please me and I talked with Levi about him. He said we'd better go down the mountain. I wasn't anxious to move the big fellow, but Levi was firm. "Better so," he said. "Bye-'m'-bye me fix." So we started off, two sturdy little natives supporting Big Carl. We trudged downhill all day.

We had walked a long time when, all at once, Levi vanished into the jungle beside the trail. One of his soldiers grunted, "Go dis pala." He held aside a matted tangle of greenery and we stepped into a dense thicket, dark and moldy. No trail was visible, yet Levi bored on into a maze that seemed impenetrable. Sometimes we wriggled on our bellies under tangles of vegetation, dragging Big Carl. Finally we came to a clearing, sunny and bright and completely walled by high jungle.

We couldn't even see where we'd entered.

Whether this was a logical step on our progress to safety, or whether it was Levi's private sanitarium, I never found out. For all his cordiality, Levi never told us much. But it is true that Big Carl recovered rapidly, due perhaps to the lower altitude, greater heat, and a fresh sea breeze which seemed to come down from above, as though into a funnel, each afternoon. On our 14th day on the island, the 30th since we had crashed into the sea, Levi brought over a strange native.

"Him fella Vana," he said without preliminary. "Him good fella, good friend 'Merican. Massa go along him." I gathered that Levi was departing on other business. I asked him, "Where big chief go?" but he wouldn't answer. He said only, "Me go."

I tried to thank him, but couldn't find words. His assistance had been so invaluable that you couldn't put it into simple pidgin words. He understood what I was trying to convey and said quietly, standing very straight, "Me happy help 'Merican." Without another word, he turned and vanished through the wall of jungle. We never saw him again.

Vana was a smiling, carefree little man. He sang to himself as he led us down the trail. At dusk we reached a small village inhabited by not more than 12 men, obviously warriors. They were young, but their chief was an ancient, proud old chap named Lozino. He was treated with extreme respect. Vana said this had been the village of

a white missionary who had been carried across the sea by a big bird (an airplane, I suppose) before the Japs came, and that Lozino, who was quite wise, was carrying on the missionary's work.

At dark, Lozino and two of his subchiefs came to visit us. We talked deep into the night. Although we knew the Japs were on the beach, we had no fear. I cannot explain the transcendent peace, the tranquil security there was in this place. This was as close to Shangri-La as I ever expect to get.

In the starlit darkness up the shore, a group of young men began to sing. Lozino rose abruptly. "Massa sleep," he said, and left us. We slept that night in the missionary's hut, which they had kept in repair.

We breakfasted leisurely and were lounging when Lozino appeared. He said casually, "Massa go." We followed him, and found two canoes at the water's edge. Lozino and a paddler and I got into the smaller one.

We set our course toward another island, over a flat, gray sea. I lost track of time. I don't know how far we had gone when I was jolted back to reality by the distant hum of an airplane coming from the southeast. I couldn't see it through the haze, but I recognized it as a PBY, a Catalina flying boat. My heart began to hammer as the suspicion of truth hit me. Forgetting my

pidgin and my manners, I shouted at Lozino, "Is he coming for us?"

I'm sure he didn't understand, but he smiled that wise smile of his and said gently, "Bye-'m'-bye plane come." The other canoe drew alongside and we drifted, waiting tensely.

There are things no white men can understand about these people. How did Lozino know almost to the instant when that plane would arrive, or just where it would land in that vast immensity of ocean, or, for that matter, that a plane would arrive at all? As for the pilot, he was so sure of himself that he didn't even bother to reconnoiter. He bored straight in, broke through the low ceiling, and sat down on the water hardly 100 yards away.

My eyes were stinging as I saw him wave an offhand, good-natured greeting.

We paddled alongside. The hatch opened. We clambered aboard. I turned to thank Lozino, but he was already making for the beach. I shouted after him. "Thank you! Thank you!" We were all shouting. He raised his paddle in friendly farewell, never looking back.

A towheaded youngster said in a Texas drawl, "Stand clear, you guys." He slammed and dogged the hatch. The motors thundered; the line of beach began to slip away.

God did not create a golden Adam from whom the nobles are descended, nor a silver Adam from whom have come the rich, and another, a clay Adam, from whom are the poor; but all, nobles, rich and poor, have one common father, made out of the dust of the earth.

From a medieval sermon quoted by Brigid De Vine in the *Universe* (4 Aug. '44).



# Mother in Search for Her Sons

By JOHN THOMAS McNAMARA

*Subat mater lacrimosa*

Condensed from the *Scapular*\*

The night the RAF bombed Berlin was no different from any other night, except that a blockbuster leveled my little house to the ground. Waves of bombers droned overhead, sirens wailed their warnings, lights flickered, children screamed and women sobbed hysterically.

As I surveyed the shambles, I realized it was a miracle I, too, wasn't destroyed. Then, safe though I was at the moment, my thoughts turned to my son, who was engaged in this total war of annihilation. A great love surged within me, a mother's love that knows no bounds; neither time nor eternity could set its limits; neither land nor sea nor air could contain it. I brushed time and space from me like so much cobweb holding me to earth, as love lent wings to my search. It was a long and bitter quest which took me to all the battlefronts of the world, but I did find my son.

I found him aboard a U. S. warship plowing through the Pacific, shrouded in an American flag, waiting for taps to tuck him in the sea until judgment day. I knew he was my son by the string of beads, dear to him in life, entwined around his quiet, folded hands.

I found him, his closely cropped head slumped over the instrument panel of a disabled German submarine, the victim of an Allied depth

charge somewhere in the Atlantic. I knew he was my son from the beautiful pin-up girl who beamed upon him through a maze of useless cables and blinking lights.

I found him a paratrooper helplessly dangling from his open chute, securely nestled in the leafy arms of a sturdy oak somewhere behind the German lines in France. I knew he was my son by the brown scapular strings that dug into his scraggy neck like a tourniquet, arresting an incipient hemorrhage.

I found him in the Eternal City after its liberation, kneeling hushed in prayer with other homeless Italians who huddled thankfully together in the shattered remnants of a splendid ancient cathedral. I knew he was my son by the furtive glances he stole at a battered stained-glass window which mirrored the sky and the clouds in the clothes of a beautiful woman who was as fair as the moon and as bright as the sun.

I found him an Australian ace over Rabaul, his strong hands frozen to the control stick, vainly trying to stave off fear as the sharp fingers of the wind strummed on the taut struts of his flaming plane plummeting earthwards. I knew he was my son by the lady's name he so crudely but proudly lettered on the fuselage crowning his squadron insignia like a coat of arms

\*338 E. 29th St., New York City. September-October, 1944.

emblazoned on the armor and trappings of medieval knights.

I found him in an ill-fitting Japanese uniform grotesquely sprawled over a silenced machine gun in a muddy fox-hole in Tarawa. I knew the telltale blue-and-white faded ribbon pinned to his tattered undershirt.

I found him (just in time to keep a rendezvous I made with him many years before) at Krivoi Rog crawling on his belly dragging his shattered limbs helplessly behind him through the Russian muck. I knew he was my son in the jumble of words that pain forced through his parched lips, "... now and at the hour of my death."

I found him on D-day stretched out on a beach near Cherbourg between two Red Cross corpsmen who were applying splints to this broken flower of Free France who had come home again to bloom on his native soil. I knew he was my son by the silver disc next to his dog tag around the glistening chain that possessively hugged his sweaty and sandy neck.

I found him a British flyer, whose wings had been clipped in a sortie over the Rhineland, sulking in a corner of a German prison camp like a fettered falcon chafing at the chains which denied him the freedom of once again

stalking his prey from the sky. I knew he was my son in the anxious smile that played about his drawn lips as his restless fingers thumbed timeworn and sweat-smudged pages of a discolored, leather-bound book on the hunt for the *Memorare*.

My love recognizes no nationality; is not hemmed in by boundaries; is as much at home on the sea as on the land; is ever seeking for union, to be one in mind, one in heart and one in affection with those I love. My love is always for better, never for worse; for richer and not for poorer; thrives more in sickness than in health, until death. But even death for those I love is not a separation. I wait for them far beyond the reach of Mars and his hirelings, on the other side of time "where I myself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, where there shall be no more sorrow, no more sickness, no more death, where they will live forever in the secure possession of the happiness that God has prepared for them that love me."

Son, lift up your eyes and behold thy Mother. Who am I? Why, son, don't you know? It is I to whom our Lord said on Calvary: "Mother, behold thy son!"

And I behold Him in you.



Because God has been good to us, we thank Him. Chesterton in his quaint way says: "When we were children we were grateful to those who filled our stockings with toys at Christmastime; why are we not grateful to God for filling our stockings with legs?"

St. Jerome's Church Bulletin, Charlevoix, Pa. (Dec. '43).

From a medieval sermon quoted by Egid De Vine in the *Universum* (4 Aug. 1943).

# Only Americans Play Baseball

Sacerdotal horsehide swatters

By ALPHONSE HOTZE, S.V.D.

Condensed from the *Shield*\*

**Our five-month** internment in the civilian assembly center at Weihsien began on March 24, 1943, when the Japanese suddenly decided to corral all "enemy nationals." They went at it with such enthusiasm that none of the local authorities, political or ecclesiastical, were willing to try to stop them. Up to that time we teachers at the Catholic University of Peking (Fu Jen university) had been quite free within the city walls of Peiping. I taught my last class only an hour before we left.

The Japanese assured us that the Weihsien move was only a "protective measure," but it was very depressing as far as we were concerned. We foreigners of Fu Jen met in the American Embassy park, where we were given numbers and searched. Our suitcases were opened, and their contents strewn over the lawn, while Japanese photographers made newsreels. Then the 200 or more persons under Japanese guard marched to the train. Old men staggered under their loads, while the younger men who could, helped them. On both sides of the street Chinese and free foreigners watched us helplessly.

However, once we got aboard the train, life took on the aspect of a grand excursion. There were about 20 young American Fathers in our group, and

we did everything we could to cheer our fellow travelers. The coaches were so crowded that only the aged and mothers with children had seats. Some of the passengers were nervous about having so many Catholic priests along, as they expected us to pounce upon them with salvation messages and "religious palaver." Instead, and to their amazement, we doffed our Roman collars, helped amuse the children, and assisted in such occupations as making beds in the aisles.

At two in the morning we started to sing all the American popular songs we could remember. Other passengers crowded to our corner and joined in. Finally the guards told us to stop, and then, after protest, gave this permission, "You can sing if you don't make any noise."

After 23 hours we arrived at Weihsien. Contrary to expectations, we found the weather very cold. We were taken to a dormitory without beds or any other accommodations. However, some generous souls lent us blankets and we tried to sleep on the floor, but it was cold and we were hungry, for supper had consisted only of a plate of soup with some bread and tea.

In a few days, however, the camp got organized, and we were assigned rooms and work to do. The Fathers from the Catholic University of Peking

\*Crusade Castle, Linwood Station, Cincinnati, 26, Ohio. November, 1944.

were all young, beardless, and healthy, and most of us took on heavy jobs. Practically all of us were stokers, and we became very efficient.

The American Fathers first distinguished themselves in work, sports, and entertainment, but opportunities for exercising their religious offices followed quickly. Several baseball teams had been organized among the civilians in the camp, and the first thing the priests from the Catholic University of Peking did was to organize a baseball team. Soon the games in which the padres' team took part were features of camp life. Everybody turned out for them. The Japanese used to get quite excited. We did have a crack team and we never lost a game, with the exception of one in the final five-game farewell series. The other teams did their best to beat us, reshuffling their line-up over and over again.

This was an average line-up for one of our games: pitcher, Father Willie Whelan, Passionist; catcher, Father Fontana, S.V.D.; first base, Father Andy Pinfold of the Scarboro Fathers (Canadian); second base, Father Andy Raha, S.V.D.; shortstop, Father Kleine, Franciscan, popularly known as Windy; third base, Father Bucky Heier, S.V.D., or Father Daley of the Stigmatine Fathers; right field, Father Chuck Stier, S.V.D.; center field, myself; roaming center, Father Schott, Franciscan; and left field, Father Paulinus, Franciscan. Father O'Malley, a Passionist, took turns as pitcher and second baseman. Father Wojniak and Brother Dennis also played, and once

when a number of our regulars were incapacitated, Bishop Inger, O.F.M., took his turn.

At first our baseball playing was something of a "scandal" to some of the good people who were not used to American ways. Some of the Protestants didn't like the playing of baseball on Sunday. The Belgian priests couldn't imagine Catholic priests playing baseball in public. Catholic lay people of foreign upbringing also found it hard to understand how priests could be so good at sports. A French schoolmarm said to me one day, "I'm at my wits' end about you people. One day you preach divine sermons that make me cry, and then the next day you play baseball as if your life depended on it, and then I see you in the midst of a group of boys and girls laughing and telling jokes. I have never heard of such things. For 15 years I never had a conversation with my pastor and I have never seen a priest without a stern face."

But little by little, these attitudes disappeared. Even the Dutch and Belgian Fathers got so interested they organized teams of their own and learned to play the game. Soon there were several "Fathers' teams," but there was only one "Padres' team," and that was all-American.

The youngsters used to stand around after their classes in religion and would then go home and tell their families what grand fellows the Fathers were. Our work was anything but lonesome after that. There was always a crowd of boys and girls around, and



1944

## ONLY AMERICANS PLAY BASEBALL

75

they began to ask questions about religion, the life of the priest, and what went on in the Catholic Church.

We told all who were interested to come to church on Sunday for Mass. It was an eye opener for many of them. Here, at solemn functions, they saw 450 priests, six bishops, and a first-class choir composed of priests of different Religious Orders and different nationalities, all singing together in Latin.

Some of the children missed their own church services to attend Mass, and that caused some trouble. Many said they would like to become Catholics, and serious religious discussions took place at meals and at play. Even some of the Protestant missionaries became interested in the Church and said that it was the first time they had ever come in contact with it.

One characteristic of the Catholic priests which the others could never quite comprehend was that we never seemed to be making any effort to convert anyone. If anybody came into the Church, he seemed to do it of his own free will. Of course we knew (so did the converts) that divine grace had most to do with it.

The religious activities we carried on were many, and they were successful, too. Fallen-away Catholics were reclaimed, marriages were rectified, and there were many conversions, Baptisms, and Confirmations.

Besides the classes we conducted for

the young folk, we had our own hours of study. We could study philosophy, theology, art, and Chinese, French, or German. Our hours of camp work interfered seriously with our class work, and for us stokers it was particularly difficult. I lost 20 pounds during my stay, but I was glad of it. Most of the people lost weight.

Leaving Weihsien was sad. Few of the Fathers wished to go. And the people were sorry to see us leave. One man broke down and cried like a baby: he was the one who on the day of our arrival had said, "I don't think I'm going to like this a bit, there's going to be too damned much religion, with all these missionaries around here." But at our farewell, he said we were the grandest crowd of men he had ever met.

The French schoolmarm, too, had changed her mind. "It's too bad you American Fathers are leaving," she said. "Look at the conversions you have made, and all the interest you have aroused in the Church."

One Dutch Father told me that he wouldn't have missed his stay in the camp for anything in his life. He admitted he used to think that American boys didn't make such good priests, but now he said, "I was wrong. They are good priests, but they are different. They can play just as hard as they can pray. People are won by them and before long want to become Catholics."

And that's the way it was.

Music was at its best under the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages because it then had meaning everyone recognized and was completely cosmopolitan and sustained.

Percy Grainger quoted in the *Indianapolis Star* (28 Dec. '43).

# North and South America

By RICHARD PATTEE

Lesson for Argentina baiters

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

Latin America has always been closer to Europe than we have. The sense of cultural continuity is keener there. Every Argentine, Brazilian, and Haitian thinks of himself as part of the cultural stream which flows from Spain, Portugal, and France, respectively. There is a keener sensitivity to the *presence* of Europe, than in the U. S. The impact of European thought is constant, and a factor of the first order. To win the friendship of Latin America through an anti-European technique is one of the most palpable of absurdities. I appreciate the fact that many of those in active charge of the various efforts in this direction are perfectly aware of this necessity. I am afraid, however, that the formation of a public consciousness in the U. S. with reference to Latin-American affairs has been highly colored by the anti-European exclusivist complex.

This has been decidedly marked in regard to Spain. I assume that the slightest good word for Spain will be interpreted at once as blatant falangism or, at the best, sugar-coated *Hispanidad*. We in the U. S. take our causes extremely seriously. We go the whole hog when it comes to denunciation, as we do when it comes to praise. We learned long ago that all Spaniards are either fervent democrats, devoted to the cause of fair suffrage and the

United Nations, or blackguards wearing colored shirts and shooting even the distant relatives of anyone suspected of having had dealings with the Republic. If Spain were as simple as that there would be no problem.

Spain stands forth as a fundamental reality for Latin America, and the unhappy tendency to attack Spain as a cultural influence because of the present regime is one of the most shortsighted of the many elements of an international myopia from which our nation has suffered. The Spanish tradition is powerful among millions of Latin Americans, where the hierarchy, clergy, Catholic professionals, and intellectuals are all influenced by the Hispanic tradition. This is a rock-bottom fact which cannot be circumvented. No amount of U. S. effort which ignores, attacks or belittles the Hispanic element can hope to make any headway in this sector. I attribute to this much of the failure of American ideas to get a better hearing in Catholic circles in Latin America.

The press and even responsible spokesmen of the U. S. have allowed themselves, in their dislike of Franco, to assume that Spain is as archaic an influence in Latin America as the Chibchas. If, in the U. S., we had taken it upon ourselves to assert our belief in the eternal values of Hispanic civiliza-

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, 7, Conn. November, 1944.

tion and defended as ardently as any Latin American the permanent spiritual content of this culture, regardless of the political regime, we would have gained a signal victory, and, in terms of pure tactics, we would have knocked the ground out from under the contention all too often put forward by Spaniards themselves: that the U. S. is the enemy of Spain, past, present, and future.

The Spanish Civil War produced the most profound schisms in public opinion in Latin America. The collapse of France was taken as little less than a personal and national calamity. There is nothing academic about Europe to the Latin Americans. It is not a land which their fathers or grandfathers left behind, to seek economic improvement in the New World. It is the source and essence of the cultural air they breathe. Without it the life of the spirit would be stultified. We would be eminently foolish to combat in any form the effective presence of this beneficent European influence. The plain truth is that what the U. S. has to offer cannot take the place of what Latin America receives from the Old World. Europe has 20 centuries of maturity and refinement with attractions which we could not possibly hope to offset. It is well to realize this fact before we proceed on the mistaken assumption that the new day that is dawning is ours and that Latin America is waiting with palpitating eagerness to receive the bounty we have to offer.

The drums have been beaten with

fair consistency on the score that this Brave New World, in which Paraguayans, Bolivians, San Blas Indians, Haitians, and Yaqui tribesmen from Sinaloa are joined with the U.S. in one great paean of democratic faith, is really part of one grand political tradition in which we are as one against the tyrannies of totalitarianism. As a desirable method of procedure in wartime, no one will doubt the necessity of creating a united front to avoid hostile infiltration. This is almost too elementary to bear comment. On the other hand, it is a fallacy which may be tremendously dangerous for the future to base that collaboration on false assumptions. We are doing it with the Soviet Union and we have been doing it for years in Latin America. Americans fail to appreciate that a military alliance for the purpose of winning a war does not make nations identical in their domestic institutions.

When we accepted the bald fact that Russia, against her will, became a member of the United Nations, there was no conceivable need to convert that Russia, which we had denounced before as a bloody tyranny, into a simon-pure democracy. There was no need to sell the American people the idea that after all the Russians were just like ourselves. Maybe they could not read an opposition paper; go to a church if they held a job anywhere; speak against the government; nor do any one of a thousand things we conceive of as normal: but that did not make them one whit less good folk than ourselves, bent on making every

sacrifice to defeat the cruel Hun. Maybe this distorted vision of the thing is a necessary part of war technique. If it is, one can only say that the future holds dark prospects indeed for a public opinion which has been sold the notion that to justify the Russian alliance, which no one can deny is good, we must make of Russia a defender of the kind of democracy that flowers in Massachusetts or North Dakota.

Exactly this has been done with Latin America. Instead of saying, coldly and plainly, that the interests of Latin America are bound up with those of the U. S. and hence with the common cause, and that Latin America, to help save its own skin, is willing to line up with the United Nations, we have gone to work to throw up an elaborate smoke screen of common democracy, common republican ideals, and a common political outlook. This is simply not true; and worse, it is utterly needless. A developed, mature nation does not have to be spoon-fed its foreign policy. It does not have to be told bedtime stories about other nations, to make relations with them more palatable. No Frenchman had to be told that all British were really French under the skin and liked and disliked the same things the French did, to get over the idea of the Anglo-French alliance. Certainly all Frenchmen were not communists who supported the idea of an alliance with the Soviet Union as a protection against possible German aggression.

Latin America has been presented in such a light in the U. S. as to give a

false focus to the whole business. All Latin Americans (so we say) are really delightful people, who love panel debates, discussion groups, and intensive summer courses, and think politically in terms not unlike the local dentist in Keokuk or the lawyer in Walla Walla. Would that the believers in these naïvetés visit Guatemala in the heyday of Jorge Ubico; Brazil under that benevolent democrat called Getulio Vargas; Venezuela when Juan Vicente Gomez ruled the land like a feudal baron, or when Gen. Hernandez Martinez devoted his time in El Salvador to shooting laborers and making theosophist speeches over the radio.

The rare feature of this whole policy is that we proclaimed Ubico as one of the boys in the United Nations camp, whose devotion to the principles we are fighting for was unquestioned. At home, he could, of course, do as he pleased, as long as he maintained the fiction that he belonged to the democratic team. The same applies to Brazil. The Vargas regime in that republic is certainly as repressive and rigorous as anything the Argentines have managed to conjure up. And yet, no voice is raised in the slightest criticism of the repression of the press in Brazil, the incarceration of political enemies, and the general dictatorial methods that Vargas and his henchmen employ. Argentina, one would gather from the press, is the lone sinner in all Latin America in this respect. If we were to eliminate, as untouchables, all Latin-American governments which are dominated by the military, which rule



with an iron hand, which do not hold decent elections, which keep the press quiet when it is convenient, the number who would come out of the test free of guilt would be a very tiny minority.

The point of all this is that it is an error, and a very serious one, to erect policy on the wrong foundations. The future of inter-American collaboration and unity as a real force is already threatened in the most grievous way by the constant baiting of Argentina. Whatever may be the character of the political and economic relations, in the broader field of human contacts and in exchange of ideas as one group of human beings with another, the air would be immeasurably clarified if we set about establishing some realistic premises rather than assuming as realities mere figments of the imagination.

The U. S. is mentally far removed

from Latin America. The distance between Laredo, in Texas, and Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas, on the Mexican frontier, is not the distance of two miles across the river, but the distance between two civilizations, in both of which similar influences have played a part, to be sure, but which have developed along divergent lines. There is nothing inherently undesirable in this. Hispanic civilization is an infinitely precious form of the cultural expression of the West. What the U. S. has evolved is something quite different. If the U. S., Norway and Ethiopia can all form part of the common political front of the United Nations, certainly there is no need to propagandize our people with the specious concept that the Americas are really one big, happy family, in spite of every evidence to the contrary.



### Little Jack Horner

The story told of "Jack Horner" is that at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries he was sent by the Abbot of Glastonbury to take some deeds concealed in a pie to Henry VIII. On his way there he "pulled out a plum," that is, the title deed of the manor of Mells, near Glastonbury, and this is still owned by the Horner family today.

The Cross (Oct. '44).

### Contrary Mary

A rhyme with an historical explanation is *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*. Mary is taken to be Mary Tudor and the "quite contrary" to refer to her religious opinions, as opposed to those of her father, brother and sister. The garden was the Church in England at that time, the silver bells the bells that were rung during Mass, the cockle shell was the emblem of the pilgrims, and the "pretty maids all in a row" were the nuns whom she reinstated in the convents.

The Cross (Oct. '44).

## Men of the B-29's

By CAPT. BARTHOLOMEW ADLER, C.P.

A day's work

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

It is the night before the first mission of the B-29's, the Army's new Superfortress. Tomorrow the men will strike their first blow at the Japanese. But tonight everyone is quiet. The cards are out as usual, and groups of men play poker.

The boys are not thinking much about the cards. You can tell that by the way they play. Joe, who never before drew to an inside straight, does it now. Maybe Joe feels that his luck is good, that it will have to be good tomorrow. Bill, who always jokes when he is playing, hasn't much to say. After the game he comes to me and hands me his wallet. "Keep this for me, Padre," he says. He's never done that before.

After I went to bed I lay awake thinking of the first time I met some of these boys who were to fly the first B-29 mission tomorrow. Take Alex, for example. I remembered going up to him one hot afternoon at an air base in Peru and asking him to fly me back to home base. "Sure," he replied, "but it will be a little crowded." There wasn't enough room for me in the nose of the B-24, so I had to stand on the catwalk between the bombs while the plane took off and landed. But I had confidence in Alex. He was a man's pilot, cool and calm.

Mac was going on this first mission

also; Mac, whose comments were always good for a laugh. I remembered how hospitable he and his wife had been when I had come back to the States after my first overseas assignment. They would invite me down to their home, and we would sit around the kitchen table and talk for hours.

I had been with this group since it was organized in South America. Once the boys found out why they had been brought back to the U. S., all were anxious to get going. The first time they flew these giant bombers, they talked of nothing else for weeks.

I remembered Chris. He wouldn't fly tomorrow. He was a big, homely, lovable boy from Texas. Chris had come up the hard way. He had worked all his life; sold papers and washed dishes to pay his way through college. From college he went into Army cadet training, served as an instructor for a time, and then joined us.

We had been back in the States but a few weeks when Chris took off one morning to get some transition flying. On the take-off, his propellers "ran away," and as he tried to land his plane blew up. I will never forget the scene when I informed his young wife of his death. Sweet little Jeannette, who was so taken up with her big husband and little Chris, Jr., that she did not have time for anything else. How

\*Union City, N. J. November, 1944.

## MEN OF THE B-29'S

81

she clung to me that sunny summer afternoon, shaking like a leaf.

John, too, came to mind as I lay on my bunk living over the past two years with these men. John came in for a landing one morning with an engine burning. Just as he was about to set the plane on the ground the burning engine broke loose and dropped from the wing. He landed safely, however, and walked away. John didn't know it but he was going to fly an airplane for the last time tomorrow morning. I didn't know it either as I lay on my bunk looking up at the stars and reflecting that in all probability tomorrow would be a good day for flying.

I remember John at the Communion rail the day before he was killed. He was a clean, boyish-looking young man, who liked to go around in the summer's heat clad only in shorts and shoes. Willie, a member of John's crew, was also at Mass the morning before he was killed. How happy he was when he burst into my office a few days before his last flight. He had just received the word he had so impatiently awaited. "Father," he yelled as he came through the door, "Father, I'm now a daddy. Yes, Sir, I now have a family."

I finally fell asleep, my last thought being, "Tomorrow is the day these boys have been looking forward to; tomorrow they will begin to play for keeps."

I got up early the next morning to attend the briefing. It was history-making. After it was over and the boys were told what they had to do, I stood

around watching their last-minute preparations, checking charts, seeing that they had everything in their kits, getting final instructions. "Well, so long, Padre," one after another called, "we'll be seeing you."

The time between briefing and take-off passes swiftly. After saying Mass I approach the runway. With the first faint light of day, the big engines slowly come to life, one by one. Louder and louder grows the crescendo until it rises to a deafening roar. Within a short time the entire field is a cloud of dust. The planes are to line up one after another. Slowly they move from their parking area on the taxi strip to take their positions. You can tell what the men flying the planes are thinking as one after another raises the thumb of his right hand into the air. That signal means, "This is it." It is hard to control your emotions.

Now the planes are lined up, one behind the other, their huge propellers turning. There is going to be a minute interval, two minutes at the most, between take-offs. You drive over to the side of the east-west runway, and you stand and wait and "sweat." Your mouth feels dry when you try to speak, and when you notice it you can feel your heart beating faster. Here comes the first plane; it is taking its position. Slowly, majestically, it wheels into place. A few seconds are spent in the final warming up; then the plane begins to move. You are thinking of the short runway with the ditch at the end. You yell, "Give her the gun, Wimpy boy, get her rolling." Faster and faster

she moves. By the time she passes you she is going 90. Carrying tons of metal bombs, traveling on six wheels, with 11 human beings aboard.

You keep your eyes glued to her. She's not moving fast enough, not yet. You notice that No. 2 engine is smoking a little, but it is only from too rich a mixture of gasoline. As your eyes follow the plane, you know she is gathering speed; she seems to move slowly only because she is so huge, the biggest bomber in the world, carrying the greatest bombload ever carried. Wimpy, the pilot, holds her to the ground as long as he can to get up flying speed, then he eases her off. She is air-borne, the first plane away. And a good take-off.

And so into position down the strip and into the air they go, one after another. Ira's plane doesn't check out to suit him. Evidently, he can't clear his spark plugs; at any rate he hesitates to take his position for taking off. The Old Man himself swings around in front of him, doesn't hesitate a moment, guns his ship, and down the strip he rolls and into the sky. So far the planes are taking off at the rate of one a minute, and this is good, very good. Nothing is going to stop this show!

The mechanics, grease monkeys, as they call themselves, are the men who have labored long hours to get these planes ready; long, hard hours with the sun blistering their backs, causing the dust and the grease to run in tiny trickles down their spines. Some of them have worked 36 straight hours

preparing their planes for this morning. Now they stand on the sidelines, tired, dirty, hungry, but happy. Each man thinks his ship is the best on the field and is willing to bet any amount to back up his statement.

Not only mechanics, but all of us are there. The weather men, the medicos, the bomb handlers, the cooks, the fuelers, the clerks—we all stand watching the last word in heavy bombers take to the air. We are in the nose with bombardiers, or back with the tail gunners, or sitting in the waist, watching the engines, telling the pilot that everything is O. K.

But wait a minute. Matty is in trouble. His No. 3 engine is smoking, and we know that it isn't smoke caused by too rich a mixture of gasoline. Something is wrong. Matty acts quickly and cuts the throttles, even though by this time the plane is a little over halfway down the strip. We can hear the brakes squeak, and we hold our breath. The plane sways a little, due to the violent checking of its momentum. For a second it looks as though she is going to nose into the concrete, then she settles back, and Matty brings her to a stop. We all sigh. "Good boy, Matt," we all say. And then it happens.

John's ship is the next after Matty's. Maybe John figures Matty isn't clear of the runway and is trying to lift his plane as early as possible. The plane won't respond. Instead, her steel tail skid drags the concrete, causing bluish flames to leap up from the runway. John puts her nose down again, but by dragging the skid she has lost precious



speed. The end of the runway is coming up fast; he will have to raise her now. Again John tries to lift her off the ground. Slowly the big plane responds, and finally, with her front wheels almost off the concrete, she rises slowly and is air-borne. Johnny is away. He got out of that one nicely. But no, he isn't out of trouble yet. He rises to about 150 feet, and the plane is slipping toward the left. Johnny's left wing is down. "Bring her up, Johnny, bring up your left wing or you will crash. Dear Mother of God, help him," you murmur. And then as the plane slips down behind the trees that lie west of the runway, you raise your hand in Absolution, "*Ego vos absolvo . . . in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*"

The words are hardly out of your mouth when a huge column of flame shoots into the sky, and then over the sound of your racing car you hear the dull thud of the explosion as the plane blows up. Frantically you drive down the road toward the wreck, over fields, and across streams. As you draw close you hear the ammunition popping off, set off by the terrific heat.

You drive as close as you can, and then you run across the field that lies between.

Suddenly you are thrown on your face by the impact of a bomb which "cooks off." Shrapnel whistles overhead. For a minute or so you hug the ground. Finally you circle and come up to the wreck from another direction. It is a gruesome scene. Sadly you make out various forms among the

scattered, burning debris. Johnny is there, and Willie. You scarcely recognize them. Willie will never bounce into your office again to tell about Junior. He won't ever ask you again to buy him something to send home to the "kid." And Johnny has received his last Holy Communion from you.

As you move around the smoky pyre you find one man and then another is still living. You have difficulty recognizing them, so you bend down and look at their identification tags. They are Burt and Al, co-pilot and bombardier. Burt is still strapped to his seat. He was thrown clear by the explosion, with his safety belt still fastened. His legs are broken, and he has a deep gash over his eyes, but he is still breathing. You look a little more closely at Al. You can tell that he hasn't a chance. But he is still living. In no time at all the doctor and his assistants are giving both men morphine and injecting plasma. Frantically they work over them, even while the stretcher-bearers carry them tenderly to the ambulance: a slim chance. All the rest have gone. Having paid the price of freedom, they have gone to the reward promised to men who lay down their lives for their friends.

By this time the last plane has taken off for the mission. It passes directly over Johnny's wrecked superqueen, a once majestic bird with glistening silver wings, now broken and shattered in a smouldering heap.

Back at the field, you run into Johnny's crew chief. He is the man who was in charge of maintaining Johnny's

airplane. He has a dazed, hurt look in his eyes. It is the first plane he ever had charge of that crashed. You can't think of anything to say to him, so you just pat him on the shoulder.

Ten hours to wait! You still have one more thing to do for Johnny and his crew. Yet, frequently during the day as you go about making arrangements for the burial, you find yourself looking at your watch and saying to yourself, "By this time they should be halfway to the target; now they should be over it." And then a little later, "The boys should be well on their way home by now."

At four o'clock, the time the boys are due to land, the rain is falling heavily. Visibility is zero; you cannot see across the field. You move into the Operations building out of the rain. You scan the bulletin board. "Any word?" you ask the operations clerk. "No, not yet," he tells you. You look outside. It is still raining hard. You cock your ear for the sound of four engines churning through the rain-filled sky. Your imagination begins to play tricks. You hear a plane. The sound doesn't grow any louder, so it must not be. Everyone in the office is talking. You listen again, finger your rosary, and say a few *Ave's*. You have another look at the board.

Then you hear a sound. There is no mistaking it. A plane is approaching the field. The sound grows louder. It is one of our own. You can hear it pass overhead; it is above the rain. The pilot cannot see the field. "Has he contacted the tower?" someone asks, as the sound

of the plane fades. "No," comes the reply. The radio operator reports his set is dead, knocked out by the storm. "Someone start the emergency power unit," yells the Operations office, and two men dash out into the rain. Again you hear the sound of the engines. The plane is coming back. "Dear God, please let this 'stuff' lift!"

Then the rain does slacken slightly; there is a slight rift in the clouds, and the pilot takes advantage of it to come in to the field. The water on the runway rises in great splashes, as the giant wheels roll into it. The first plane is home! You want to cheer, but you don't. As the plane passes, you look anxiously to see if it is damaged. It isn't.

Then you hear the sound of another plane. By this time the weather has cleared sufficiently for it to come right in. After landing, the plane rolls about 1,000 feet, and the propellers, all four of them, slow down and stop. Old Luke, the pilot, had enough gas to get his plane home. A tractor rumbles out, and as they tow the plane past, there springs up within you an immense liking for that airplane. You can't help thinking of her as a huge bird, giving its all to bring the boys home, and then being too tired to move.

And so one by one the planes come home. With the arrival of each the tension lightens. But not entirely. On checking with Operations you find that two planes are unaccounted for. One of the two is flown by Alex, the other by Sandy. As you wait around for any scrap of news, Eddie comes in

to report that he heard Alex giving his position, sending word that he was having trouble and that he would have to put the plane down on the ocean. Eddie says he relayed Alex's message to Headquarters. He feels certain that Alex will be picked up soon by the rescue people. You stand around Operations until midnight, then you go

to bed. As you fall asleep, you can't help thinking of Alex and Sandy and the men with them; you can't help thinking of Johnny and Willie and the others, lying now so quietly beneath the two trees where you laid them just as the day of the first B-29 mission was coming to a close. May God be good to all of them.



## The Holy Priesthood

By SUSO MAYER, O.S.B.

Condensed from *Orate Fratres*\*

**Priest** means essentially mediator.

Wherever we find priesthood, there three persons are necessarily implied:

1. God; 2. man desiring to enter into union with God; 3. the mediator. There can be priests only if and because God wills that in His name and on His behalf, and by virtue of His power, a man be of assistance to his fellow man in the things that appertain to God, above all, in the highest act of divine service, the offering of sacrifice. Without a visible priesthood there can be no real sacrifice, no liturgy; and without sacrifice, worship of God lacks soul and crown. God revealed His will in progressive stages: in the law of nature, the law of the Old Testament, and the law of the New Testament.

The law of nature is written in the heart of man, and by it man recognizes his obligation to worship God, which in turn leads him to sacrifice and priesthood. Thus we find sacrifice and priesthood in nearly all pagan religions, though mostly in very imperfect form; often, too, there is hardly more than a longing for and an attempt at priestly office and work rather than the priesthood itself. It remained for the atheistic neo-paganism of our own age to ignore the obligation of divine worship, of sacrifice, and priesthood. In so far, it represents the final logical development of Protestantism, which rejected sacramental sacrifice and priesthood, and in so far is already demonstrating its own falsity.

In the Old Covenant, God expressly

\*Collegeville, Minn. Nov. 5, 1944.

ordained sacrifice and priests for His chosen people. But those, too, were but types and shadows of the greater and more perfect that would and had to come. For by sin man had cut himself off from God; of himself he could never return. This would be possible only through the will of God. And God granted us this greatest of graces in the person of the Saviour, the God-Man Jesus Christ.

In Jesus Christ appeared the one, true, and absolute priesthood: He is the sole true Priest. According to His whole being He is Priest and Mediator between God and man. Such He is, and such He alone can be, because He is God-Man, because He Himself in His own Person is the reconciliation of God and man, the union of divine and human nature, of divine and human life. Christ attained His high priestly dignity above all through His sacrificial death on the cross. Thereby "He became to all who obey Him the cause of eternal salvation, called by God a high priest according to the order of Melchisedech." The priesthood of Jesus Christ did not cease with His glorification at the ascension, for Christ has an imperishable, eternal priesthood. This priesthood of Christ is for us men the superabundant source of all supernatural life.

But Christ exercises His priestly function on earth only through the Church, through her visible, human priests, through the visible, sacerdotal hierarchy of the Church. The visible priesthood of the Church renders present and makes operative through the

centuries the divine-human priesthood and priestly activity of Christ. Whoever therefore desires to establish contact with the priesthood of Christ, to obtain and maintain supernatural life, must become united to the visible priesthood in the Church, and to its functioning, which is "liturgy." From this we can gather the surpassing importance of the Church's liturgy and of the efforts of the liturgical revival, whose aim it is to lead the Christian people once again to a more active sharing in the liturgical life of the Church, to conduct them to the priesthood of Christ, to the overflowing well-springs of salvation.

How great and holy the Church's priesthood appeared in Christ's own eyes is evident from the fact that He instituted for the stewards of God's mysteries a special sacrament, Holy Orders. The ministers of Christ were to be inducted into their sacred office by means of a special religious and grace-conferring rite.

Holy Orders is the sacrament whereby plenitude of power is bestowed for the purpose of dispensing grace. It is primarily a social or community sacrament; the priest receives his sacred office and authority not as the crowning perfection of his own personality, but rather for others, inasmuch as he is the servant of the community of the Church. Because of the communication of power effected by the sacrament, the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the other sacraments are dependent on Holy Orders to the extent that without it the holy Sacrifice and most of the



other sacraments could not even come into being, and Baptism and Matrimony would, at least, be deprived of their solemn religious rites. This fact alone suffices to indicate the basic significance of the sacrament of Holy Orders for the very existence of the Church.

By this sacrament Christ instituted a special priesthood distinct from the general priesthood conferred upon the faithful in Baptism and Confirmation. He thereby established in the Church a special priestly class; He set apart priests from the laity, to maintain order and unity in the Church.

For the fulfillment of the holy privileges and obligations of their priestly office, Christ communicated to His priests His own power: to sanctify as well as to teach and govern. The former is called the power of order, the latter, of jurisdiction. As early as apostolic times, the Church, through the apostles themselves, introduced a gradation in administering Holy Orders; that is to say, the apostles made use of the authority vested in them by our Lord to transmit to others, either wholly or in part, the priestly power and grace they themselves had received.

Minister of ordination to the episcopal, priestly, and diaconal offices is the bishop, and he only. A simple priest can be empowered by the Holy See to ordain to the subdiaconate and the four minor orders; thus abbots can administer the minor orders to their own monks. Only a baptized man can be recipient of any of the orders. It is demanded, moreover, that the candidate

possess the requisite natural (physical, mental, moral) and supernatural qualifications for the proper fulfillment of his sacred office, i. e., that he has been called by God.

The restriction of candidacy to men not infrequently gives rise to misunderstandings, as if thereby women were being discriminated against in the Church. It should be remembered Christ Himself chose only men as His apostles and priests, that He conferred upon men only the power to offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice and to administer the sacraments, as well as the power to teach and to govern. Moreover, the Church has never ordained a single woman to any one of the orders, for the simple reason that Christ has not given such a power to the Church. Were she to attempt to confer Holy Orders upon a woman, the rite would be invalid and no sacrament would be conferred. This most probably also accounts for the traditional legislation still in force that a woman may not serve as a minister at Mass, but that, in case no male server is available, she may only answer the priest from a distance without at any time actually approaching the altar.

The restriction of Holy Orders to men does not signify any slight to womanhood, nor does it mean "lesser rights" for woman in the kingdom of Christ's grace. That should be evident from the fact that Mary herself, the Mother of God, was excluded from the reception of Holy Orders, she who ranks immeasurably higher than all human bearers of the priestly power.

If priesthood were essential to personal perfection, it would be unthinkable for Mary not to have been ordained. But the priest is ordained to his sacred office, not primarily for his own personal perfection, but for the sake of others: for ministering to the community of the Church. True, it is a great thing to minister in the kingdom of Christ; and if the priest labors in the spirit of his sacred and responsible ministry it will be for him a source of much grace. But greater and more glorious is the life of Christ itself in souls and in the Church; and this is open to everyone, man or woman, priest or layman, provided that in the state God has willed for him he cherish charity in the spirit of Christ. Christ permits only one ambition in His kingdom: humility and love in striving for the highest sanctity.

The principal effect of Holy Orders is the impression of the indelible character whereby the ordained is set apart forever from the laity, and marked and empowered as minister of Christ. It is precisely through the impression of this sacramental character that the fullness of authority for the dispensing of grace is bestowed. And since only the diaconate, priesthood, and episcopate constitute the sacrament, it is in these orders alone that the character is received, corresponding in each case to the degree of power proper to the

respective order. Like all other sacraments, too, Holy Orders confers grace *ex opere operato*; namely, an increase of sanctifying grace and special actual graces for a priestly life and the faithful discharge of the sacred office.

The rich endowment of the priest with supernatural powers of a very special nature, the exalted and sacred service which it is his privilege and obligation to render to the mystical Body of Christ and its members, his intimate relation to the Eucharistic Body of Christ, these are reasons for the unique veneration which by custom and law is accorded and always has been accorded priests. Nor has this tradition ever failed to meet with joyful seconding in the love and trust of the faithful. All this honor, however, is not directed to the person of the priest but exclusively to his sacred office, and therefore to Christ, the sole high priest and mediator. For He it is who through His priests Himself accomplished all their saving work, who, through their instrumentality, Himself dispenses all grace. This truth is most clearly demonstrated at the moment when the priest exercises his most exalted function, at the celebration of Mass. The person of the human priest recedes entirely into the background, and, in the words of St. Ambrose, "Christ Himself proclaims through His priest: This is My Body."

The Communistic Revolution repudiated 1,000 years of Christianity which was so deeply rooted in the Russian soul that the words for peasant and Christian (*khrestianin*) were identical.

Fulton J. Sheen in *Mother of Perpetual Help* (July '44).

# Code of Canon Law

The impossible achieved

By HUGH DUNN

Condensed from the *Catholic Mirror*\*

**Arduum sane munus!** (It's going to be one tough job!) This is a very free translation of the opening words of a letter written by Pius X on March 19, 1904. And indeed this was no overstatement of the work to which the jurists of the Church were called.

Long had the hierarchy felt the need of a code of laws. As far back as the Vatican Council such a need was echoed, but no definite resolutions were adopted.

One should not get the impression that in any period of her history, the Church was without laws. The Church always had her discipline. But the laws had never been reduced to a code, and remained in scattered documents. It was difficult to find the law covering a particular situation, and it often required painstaking research in which only a few select students with a well-stocked library could engage.

Attempts had been made, with some success, at collecting Church laws. But a collection of laws is no more than a listing under appropriate headings. A code is an organic whole.

In a code, the laws are drafted according to a determined pattern. A Gothic cathedral is not built by simply piling stone on stone, even in a very orderly fashion, but according to a definite plan. And a code molds laws according to a preconceived design.

A collection of laws covering even a small period is invariably bulky. A code of laws is rarely larger than a home dictionary, crowding laws into their least common denominator. One norm in a code may be the residue of a thousand laws. Thus a code renders law much easier to study and apply.

It is perhaps too much to hope that any layman may obtain even an inadequate idea of the gigantic task involved. Few will ever appreciate the mountain of planning behind the recent invasion of Europe. In a sense, it was a continental invasion to which Pius X summoned the jurists in 1904. He was sending them to invade a legal continent that spanned the centuries.

They were to ferret out from the foxholes of history all the laws that ever emanated from the see of Peter; cut through and disentangle thousands of documents; suppress the superfluous and reconcile the contradictory; and revamp and adapt them to the needs of a changed and changing world. They were to find and use a uniform terminology.

The jurists of Massachusetts would pale before a proposal to codify the state's laws. Yet, this would involve the laws of a relatively microscopic territory over only 200 years. The codification of Church laws embraced the entire Christian world and reached back

\*P.O. Box 1570, Springfield, Vt., Mass. October, 1944.

19 centuries. Even certain sober-minded canonists regarded the undertaking as entirely fantastic.

Fantastic as the idea may have been, Pius X was practical. He began by naming a council of supreme strategists of Cardinals selected from the Congregations in Rome. Pietro Gasparri was named secretary, later to become identified with the new Code of Canon Law.

A body of consultors was drawn from the assisting Roman Curia, the Religious Orders and Congregations, scholars, and professors of the sacred sciences. Moreover, bishops and prelates throughout the world were requested to suggest timely modifications of law. All Catholic universities were likewise invited to take part.

After eight years, first drafts of various sections of the code began to appear. Copies were sent to all Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and prelates, to be studied and returned within four months with proper notations. Twelve years after Pius X issued his *Motu Proprio*, and almost two years after his death, the task was completed. That was in July, 1916, while the world was suffering from a scourge of lawlessness in the first World War.

When the final draft was completed, Benedict XV submitted the code to a thorough personal examination. On Pentecost in 1917, before the assembled Cardinals, consultors, and collaborators, prelates of the Roman Curia, and officials of various Congregations, the Pontiff declared the code the exclusive source of Church law and solemnly

promulgated it to be effective one year later, May 19, 1918.

When referring to the "New" Code of Canon Law, we do not mean that it is a code of new laws. The Church did not embark upon a radically new legal epoch with its publication. The Church did not need new laws. Change was not the primary purpose of the code. The purpose was unification. The code may be new but her laws are old, in many instances as old as the Church.

The code is not a secret, mysterious document. There is nothing eerie about either the code or canon lawyers. The code itself may be obtained from any bookshop and profound knowledge of Latin is not required to read it. Commentaries in English abound, though it would be unwise to read them with a view to settling one's own problems. This would be equivalent to handling a case at civil law without a lawyer, for here, too, "the man who has himself for a lawyer has a fool for a client."

Sometimes lay people become impatient of the law. To them it is just so much "red tape." They forget that the law is there to protect the sacred claims of God and safeguard their own spiritual rights. If the resplendent order of the Church has elicited admiration it is because of the sublime character of her laws, "the distilled wisdom of the ages." Law and order are inseparable. Where there is no law, there is no order, and where order does not reign, there is only anarchy and chaos. All God's creation is marked by law and order. The Church of God cannot be otherwise.



The Code of Canon Law contains 2414 canons. The six precepts of the Church in our catechism are six of the canons which have more frequent and practical application for the laity. Every phase of Church activity is regulated by law, from the appointment of your pastor to the publication of marriage banns. Nothing is left to chance. The Code is divided into five chapters, or books. The first book gives the so-called general norms. This is the key to the code, establishing a bridge between the old and the new legislation; it determines how the law is to be interpreted, when it begins to bind, and when it ceases; it tells who are subject to the law; it gives norms for deciding when a law is invalidating, and when it is merely prohibitive; it considers the element of time in the application of law. Thus under Canon 33 of Book I, we are permitted to use daylight-saving time for the Communion fast.

Book II deals with the clergy, their authority, appointments, and obligations; with Religious Orders and Congregations. The third book treats of "sacred things." Here we find the law regulating use and administration of the sacraments (marriage runs through 130 canons), the custody of churches and other holy places, Christian burial, preaching, schools and seminaries. Book IV contains the procedure in ec-

clesiastical courts. It is interesting to compare the various officers of Church courts with the corresponding officials in civil courts. The final book is devoted to penal legislation.

Because each word has a definite meaning, and one consecrated by time, the code may be published only in Latin, though, as already mentioned, there is no dearth of commentaries in any language.

The new Code of Canon Law is a monument to the scholarly daring, enterprise, and vision of Pius X. Leo XIII will be remembered as the Pontiff who crystallized the great social principles of the Church. Pius XI will be associated with the solution of the Roman Question. The work of these men deal primarily with the Church in her relationship to the outside.

Pius X differed from both. He was the Pontiff of the inner life of the Church. He restored the music of the Church to its traditional beauty and simplicity. He reinvigorated the Eucharistic life of the Church by permitting early and frequent Communion.

Scholars of the Church will forever associate the name of Pius X with the *Arduum sane munus* which gave a new impetus to the juridical life of the mystical Body, and to the world a new monument of bold scholarship, the new Code of Canon Law.

French workers used to throw wooden shoes (sabots) into machinery to wreck it. Our word *sabotage* came from this practice.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (22 Jan. '44).

# Throwing Away the Crutch

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Condensed from the *Progressive*\*

**George Barr**, a young chemist, working for a St. Paul firm, lost a leg and then his job. Unable to land another position, he launched out for himself, making and selling a hair lotion.

Today he has his own cosmetics and medical-supply company in Chicago which does a \$5-million business annually, earns handsome profits, and employs 147 men and women, 130 of whom have such serious physical handicaps that they once seemed doomed to a life of dependency and idleness. Now each makes from \$20 to \$50 a week, being paid full wages averaging 62½¢ an hour, plus bonuses.

When you visit G. Barr & Co., George warns you to check your pity at the door. "These people don't need it or want it," he explains, with a grin of pride. You aren't in the shop long before you understand that, for the place is electric with cheerfulness.

At one assembly line are 25 blind men and women whose fingers fly fast and sure. As they work they gossip or wisecrack with each other. At another long table are 30 deaf mutes with similarly flying fingers. You observe 15 men and women who have lost an arm or a leg; 10 victims of infantile paralysis; a spastic; four epileptics; many who have lost an eye or fingers. They operate machines, work on assembly

lines, weigh, measure, pack and ship products, and do office work.

The contagious atmosphere of the plant reflects the buoyant personality of its 32-year-old founder and president. Well fitted with an artificial leg, Barr walks without a limp and goes about his job like a whirlwind. As he roams through the plant he talks enthusiastically about his working crew of 72 men and 75 women, white and colored.

George Barr was graduated with honors from the University of Wisconsin in 1933, took a year of graduate work, and then went to work for the St. Paul chemical firm. Three months later he lost his leg in an automobile accident. After learning how to use an artificial leg, he stumped the streets of St. Paul and Chicago looking for work, but doors were slammed in his face because of his handicap.

But Barr refused a pencil-peddling doom. If he couldn't work for someone else he'd work for himself. He developed a formula for a hair-wave set, made it at night, and sold it to beauty shops and drugstores.

A jobless deaf mute, Mitchell Echkovitz, offered to wager his time against a future paying job if George would take him on. For two months he got nothing, then the business was able to pay him \$5 a week, the same

\*315 N. Carroll St., Madison, Wis. Nov. 6, 1944.

amount George got. After a year or two, George and Mitchell needed another helper. Mitchell knew a deaf-mute girl who wanted a job, and she was hired to label bottles. She still works for the company and is now Mitchell's wife. At the end of four years the concern manufactured a number of drugs and cosmetics and had 18 employes, all deaf-mutes.

Then, quite by chance, Barr discovered he could employ other handicapped people. The company bought a labeling machine, which operated by pressing a pedal, and George was running it. Suddenly the realization came to him that a man needed only one leg to press the pedal. He promptly hired a man who had lost a leg, and from that time on made it his policy to hire handicapped persons.

"It is amazing how many jobs can be satisfactorily filled by the crippled," he said. "A handicapped person is usually not versatile but does well when limited to a routine performance; correctly placed, he will do more work than a normal person. A man who uses crutches develops strong arms and shoulders and can feed a heavy machine with greater ease than an ordinary man. A deaf-mute does better at work requiring finger dexterity while a blind person, used to reading braille and feeling his way about, can do better where sensitivity of touch is required."

At the switchboard is an alert, smiling girl who seems to have no handicap. Then you notice a pair of crutches in the corner. A legless man operates a

tube-filling machine. A 35-year-old factory worker who lost his sight three years ago now earns more than when he could see. A 32-year-old woman, born blind, started to work about three months ago and now makes \$26 a week; it is the first job she ever had and she is as happy as a child with a new toy.

Every handicapped person who elects to work for Barr is informed that he is there strictly on a merit basis. This is to overcome one of the worst difficulties of the handicapped, the feeling of helplessness foisted on them by hovering parents and friends. But watchful eyes and ready hands are always near to guide them over the adjustment period.

Employees who know of crippled persons unable to find work speak to the boss. "Bring 'em in," Barr says, and he does his best to give them jobs. I asked about a middle-aged man whom I guessed to be a newcomer from his hesitant manner.

"My dad was walking through the park the other afternoon and he saw a dejected-looking individual hunched over a seat," Barr replied. "He asked the man what was wrong, and the fellow said a stroke had left him partly paralyzed. He couldn't find work and didn't think there was anything to live for. I put him to work."

Twice a week Barr throws an informal party after work hours for his employes. For all but the blind, movies and ping-pong furnish the main attraction. The sightless enjoy the jukebox.

Barr's labor turnover is less than

# Throwing Away the Crutch

94

HOT THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

1%. Absenteeism is only  $\frac{1}{2}\%$ . Employees are on the job "on time, and all the time." The plant's safety record is excellent, for the crippled are careful.

Much of the plant's production is devoted to war contracts for medical supplies, but civilian business in its 35 different items has doubled in the last two years. Barr has 60,000 square feet of floor space, and plans a new building with 100,000 square feet when peace comes. He is planning new products and expects to increase to 200 employees, taking on as many handicapped war veterans as possible.

Employment bureaus for the handicapped in several states have approved the company's procedure. One corporation with 10,000 employees, which has never employed the crippled, is about to open its doors to them.

"There are plenty of opportunities for peacetime industry to give every handicapped person a self-supporting job," Barr said. "Firms which employ such people will make as much money or more than they would with ordinary workers. Moreover, if the handicapped have to live in idleness they are a burden to relatives or the state. Our

little factory has taken 30 blind persons off pensions; that saves Illinois more than \$10,000 a year. Multiply that a few thousand times, and you really have something."

George shows you with pride the Army-Navy *E* which his company won last June for keeping its production up to standard and meeting all quotas, an honor given to fewer than 4% of all firms engaged in war work. Moreover, the company has not had a single rejection in all its war shipments.

The *E*-awarding ceremony was unique in itself. The presentation was made by an Army private on crutches, who had lost his leg at Anzio. Two deaf mutes, a blind boy, and a girl who had lost an arm received the award on behalf of the company. The blind lad made the speech of acceptance, which was translated into sign language for the benefit of the deaf mutes.

Barr's employees believe that their experience points the way to self-support and happiness for thousands of maimed war veterans. They insist that if industry will give the handicapped not charity but a chance, they will prove their usefulness.



## Bright Star

Just as in internal government the abandonment of self-defense marked a decisive step forward in juridical progress, so, too, in international law the renouncement on the part of each state of the right to enforce justice in its own case, and the consequent delegation of the exercise of force to institutions of an international character, represents an ideal which is cherished by those who aspire to eliminate the law of tooth and claw from international relations.

From *A World to Reconstruct* by Guido Gonella (Bruce, 1944).



# Nursing Orders

By BISHOP FRANCIS C. KELLEY

Condensed from *America*\*

The Bishop jots it down

Europe was never devastated by any of her wars as much as by the plague of the 14th century, called the Black Death, which spread all over the Continent and the British Isles. London was especially afflicted. People would drop while walking along the streets. Everyone was afraid to come near the dead. The common sight in London was coffins, and the call, "Bring out your dead," was heard on every street of the fashionable districts as well as the slums. When there were too many dead for the municipalities to handle, they gave up using coffins, and piled corpses on carts. The famous Nostradamus, now hailed as a prophet, made his name not as a prophet, but as a physician who did something toward arresting the plague.

At the height of the Black Death, in what is now Germany but was then France, Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) was hard hit. A Hollander by descent, Tobias Verhoven, gathered a number of public-minded citizens to take care of the dead. The "Brothers" were known to the general public as Cellites because they dwelt in places which were like cells. When the pestilence ebbed and the municipality could handle its dead, the Cellites organized to nurse the plague-stricken victims. They formed a sort of Religious brotherhood which later was approved by several popes,

under the name of Alexian Brothers.

The name came from Alexius, a Roman patrician, who died under the stairway of his father's house, alone and unrecognized. His selection as a patron meant that the Brothers intended to devote themselves particularly to the abandoned and helpless. They were founded in 1377, and ever since they have been devoted to the same work. They are now recruited from high-school graduates who select the work of mercy as a life work for themselves. They have hospitals in Chicago, St. Louis, Oshkosh, Wis., and Elizabeth, N. J. Their patients are limited to men and boys. Their training school in Chicago is attached to De Paul university and the clinical experience is received in their own school of nursing. The young novices are sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., where they have a house on Signal mountain, formerly a fashionable hotel, now a rest house.

But the principal work of the Alexian Brothers is preparing young candidates for the training of nurses. One of them, Brother Eugene, came back with me from their hospital in Chicago. He is an Oklahoman who graduated from St. Joseph's College in Muskogee as Lawrence Ratney.

Another nursing Order of men has had almost as strange a beginning. It is called the Brotherhood of St. John,

of God. John of God is a Religious name; the real name of the man was John Ciudad. He was born in a small town in Portugal, Villa Nueva, served in two armies as a soldier, and later went to Africa to exchange himself for a Christian captive. He fought against the Turk in the siege of Vienna under Charles V. Then he became a penitent for what he thought were sins committed as a soldier, going so far in his public penance that he was put in a hospital which had a wing for mental cases. Disgusted with the treatment given by state officials to the physically and mentally sick, he rented a large house and established a hospital for the poor. To support it, he begged food, and carried the sick to the hospital in a little cart. Though Superior, he nursed and cooked, fed patients, kept them clean, and managed to interest others in the work.

The reforms in hospital work effected by John of God are still at work. He was first to separate the sick into wards according to the disease, and the first to do away with putting more than one patient in the same bed. The hospitals of his day were very fine, because, as a rule, they were donated by the kings, but they were not what we have today, and the reforms can be traced to some of these holy men who went after the abuses. The Order has one foundation in the U.S. (Los Angeles). They have a large hospital in Montreal and 30 or 40 others over the rest of the world. People who have visited Rome will remember an island in the Tiber with a large building on

it. It is one of the hospitals of this Order. Its members live the life of monks, to devote themselves from the highest motive to care of the sick.

Another nursing Order of men was formed by Camillus of Lellis.\* There are also the Brothers of Mercy, whose American headquarters are in Buffalo. There are many hospital Orders of women in the Catholic Church, and some in the Anglican church in England; in the U.S., Methodist deaconesses and Quakeresses have splendidly conducted hospitals.

I have just issued a circular to my clergy and people in an attempt to stir up interest in "the day after tomorrow," when the country will have to face the problem of broken bodies and minds that will come out of the war. It may be the last thing I do, but I am going to try hard to increase the number of nurses to help the country when we have to face this awful problem. The fact that I have been helpless myself for nearly two years has helped to stir up my interest. I don't want to see anyone else as badly off as I have been. If it hadn't been for two of these Orders, I don't know what would have happened to me. I don't know what is coming after this war, but one doesn't have to think long to know how much nursing is going to come out of it for civilians as well as for soldiers. I have bought all the war bonds I could, but something else besides war bonds will be needed soon and I want Catholic people to do their share in this great and noble work of mercy.

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, August, 1943, p. 45.

# Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Donnelly, Dorothy. *THE BONE AND THE STAR; Two Perspectives on the Scene of Time*. New York: Sheed & Ward. 205 pp. \$2.25. Anthropologists have analyzed the aspirations of primitive man. The incarnation brought fulfillment and answer to those questions before science discovered them.

Grant, Dorothy Fremont. *MARGARET BRENT, ADVENTURER*. New York: Longmans. 293 pp. \$2.50. Historical novel of early Maryland, 1639-1649. A capable gentlewoman seeks her fortune and religious freedom in a newly settled, turbulent colony.

Kempe, Margery. *THE BOOK OF MARGERY KEMPE, 1436; a Modern Version by W. Butler-Bowdon*. New York: Devin-Adair. 243 pp. \$3.75. Earliest autobiography in English, recently discovered. A lady pilgrim tells of her travels through England, the Holy Land and Italy, and of her friendships and conflicts with people in high and low places.

Lewis, D. B. Wyndham. *RONSARD; His Life and Times*. New York: Coward-McCann and Sheed & Ward. 340 pp. \$3.50. Superbly ironic, scholarly reconstruction of Ronsard's age (16th century). One remark about Henry VIII (on p. 66) is alone worth \$3.50.

Madden, Lieut. Paul, *as told to Pete Martin*. *SURVIVOR*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 68 pp. \$1. Eleven days on a raft off Florida; two men die, and a third is rescued where no ship should have been expected.

O'Brien, Isidore, O. F. M. *MIRROR OF CHRIST: FRANCIS OF ASSISI*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. 205 pp. \$2.50. Biography which reveals the influence of the Saint's thoughts on modern times and renews their inspiration.

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